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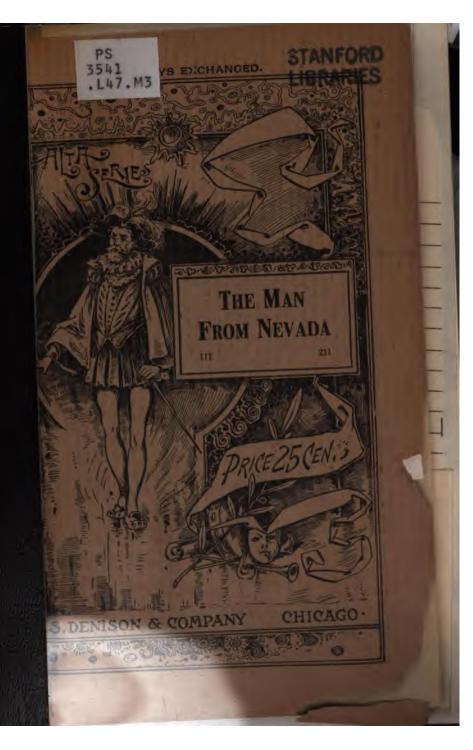
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THE MAN FROM NEVADA

A COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

CHARLES ULFITH

ACCES 08: 08:

"A Celestial Maiden." Anderparted to Payon of London
Town." "For Home and Country att

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THE MAN FROM NEVADA.

CHARACTERS.

CLARENCE HARRINGTON. Member of Congress from Nevada
COUNT BERTRAND DE SANTEAU
A French Adventurer and Spy
HON. MORTIMER SHAW
Col. Horace Fitzallen A Retired Army Officer
JAMES LESTER A West Point Cadet
HERR FELIX VON GRUYTER
JOHN JOHNSTON A Broker in Fortification Plans
JACK MANNING
Boxton
MADELINE SYLVESTERNiece of Senator Shaw
MARIE WENTWORTHDe Santeau's Confederate
ALICE SAINTSBURY An Heiress with a Mind of Her Own
Mrs. Angelina Shaw A Washington Matron
LUCILLE
Ladies and Gentlemen, Policemen, etc.
PLACE—Washington, D. C.
Тіме—1899.
The Toys.

TIME OF PLAYING—About Two Hours and Thirty Minutes.

Act I.—Parlor in Harrington's residence. The denunciation.

Act II.—Senator Shaw's drawing-room. The oath. Act III.—Marie Wentworth's apartment. The murder.

Act IV.—Same as Act I. The awakening.

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act. I.—The ball. A valet from the West. The fortification plans. An adventuress unmasked. The false count exposed. The accusation. "The most daring card sharp in France." The toast. "This woman is his accomplice."

Act II.—The tea party. The recital. "What does it mean?" The love of a true man rejected. A woman's heart trampled upon. A villain's advice, "Don't fish for titles." The theft of the necklace. The struggle. "He is my husband." The oath, "I swear to bring him to justice."

Act III.—Matrimonial complications of a German. The bargain. Woman true to woman. A wife's confession. The rifling of the writing case. The strangling and accusation. "No, I will stake my life upon his innocence."

Act IV.—Lovers' quarrels. The colonel triumphant. "Alice wear trousers? Never." Harrington as peacemaker. Story of the false marriage. "I love you." Villainy at bay. The attack. Manning to the rescue. Love rules the world. The shots. "I plugged him, boss." The triumph of love.

Produced February 22, 1903, at Dewey Theater, Oakland, Cal.

Toured Pacific coast season 1903-04.

Produced at New American Theater, Chicago, November 16, 1903.

Produced at People's Theater, Chicago, May 14, 1905. En tour and in stock season 1905-1906.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

HARRINGTON.—This part to be played with quiet dignity to be effective. He is a hale, bluff western gentleman, 30 years old, polished by travel and association with swell people. Wears dress suit or Tuxedo first act and last act, and walking suit in others.

DE SANTEAU.—A gentleman, heavy, about 30, polished, with a slight French accent. An inveterate cigarette smoker, cool and self-possessed at all times. Wears dress suit with sash and ornament first act, walking suit in others.

Shaw.—Elderly gentleman, 60 years, well-dressed, and of easy manners. Wears side whiskers and mustache, gray, with gray wig. Dress suit act first, Prince Albert in others.

LESTER.—Juvenile comedy, 19 years. Wears cadet suit

all through. Must be lively and vivacious.

FITZALLEN.—Elderly retired army officer, gray wig and mustache. Quiet comedy character. Dress suit first act, Prince Albert in others.

Von Gruyter.—Young man of 28 with marked German accent, comedy part. Wears dress suit in first act and checked suit in others. Somewhat eccentric though not a burlesque German.

JOHNSTON.—Elderly man, gray wig and whiskers. Refined manner. Dress suit first act, business suit in others.

MANNING.—Typical cowboy, 22 years, with gray suit, long hair and broad-brimmed hat. Furnishes eccentric comedy with his revolvers and whistling.

BOXTON.—Butler, 40 years, English style. Wears suit

with brass buttons. Is slow and dignified.

MADELINE.—Young, emotional. Décolleté costumes.

MARIE.—Young woman with marked French accent. Refined and emotional. Costumes décolleté.

ALICE.—Soubrette, young, lively, vivacious. Handsome gowns cut V-shape.

MRS. SHAW.—Elderly, sedate, refined. Wears fashionable gowns.

LUCILLE.—Lady's maid, young, wearing conventional costume.

PROPERTY LIST.

Act I.—Rich furniture, including small table with carved legs, four upholstered chairs, sofa and rocker. Incandescent chandelier. Pedestal with statue. Two small palms. Rugs and carpets. Mirror for mantel. Champagne bottle, glasses and salver. Two revolvers for Manning.

Act II.—Handsome drawing-room set, including small center table and two upholstered chairs. Settee and two palms. Piano with tall lamp. Another small lamp. Dagger and jewel case for Santeau. Tea set for three.

Act III.—Neat furniture, including small table and several chairs. Ladies' writing case, writing materials, blotter and documents. Hand mirror on table. Cloth on table. Candelabrum with one candle. Burglar's jimmie for Harrington.

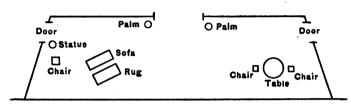
ACT IV.—Same furniture as in first act. Supply also telegram for Gruyter, newspaper for Shaw. Document for Fitzallen.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

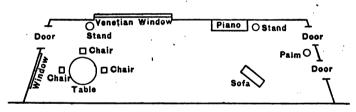
R. means right of the stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; R. D., right door; L. D., left door, etc.; I E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance, etc.; D. F., door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; I G., first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

STAGE SETTINGS.

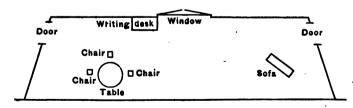
ACTS I AND IV.



ACT II.



ACT III.



THE MAN FROM NEVADA.

ACT L

Scene.—Parlor in Harrington's residence in 3 G., richly furnished. Large, curtained entrance C. in F., with a wide-spreading palm on either side. Corridor shown beyond, along which well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, in evening costume, pass back and forth during scene. (These people passing will be effective, but are not necessary to scene.) Practical door L. 2 E. Table with two upholstered chairs L. C. Mirrored mantel and fireplace R. 2 E., with settee in front of it. Statue on pedestal near R. 2 E. Easy chairs here and there and paintings on wall. Scene is well-lighted by means of chandelier of incandescent lights hanging C. At rise noise of carriage wheels is heard off R. When curtain is well up enter Fitzallen C. D., followed by Johns-TON. As they come down C. Boxton enters L. 2 E. and hurriedly arranges furniture, etc. He exits and enters from time to time during act, appearing to be most busy. If stage equipments are lacking, all scenes may be set more simply without affecting the action of the play. See Scene Plot for stage setting.

FITZALLEN (as he comes down C.). A most splendid affair. (Sits L. at table.)

JOHNSTON (sits R. at table). Well, Colonel Fitzallen, it promises to be an exceptionally fine evening for Mr. Harrington's ball. (Noise of vehicles and buzz of voices off stage R.)

FITZALLEN. Admirable, Mr. Johnston. The guests are arriving in squads. It reminds me of the night before the battle of Stone River—

JOHNSTON (interrupts). It should be a brilliant event. The president has promised to attend, and many of the foreign ministers with their suites will be present.

BOXTON (off stage R. U. E.). The French minister and suite.

JOHNSTON. This should be a fitting introduction to Washington society.

FITZALLEN. No doubt, sir, no doubt. By the way, tell me of this man from Nevada, over whom the whole of Washington is raving. I have known him a month and yet have learned little regarding him.

JOHNSTON. He is an open-hearted fellow of whose

friendship anyone might well feel proud.

BOXTON (off stage \overline{R} , U, E.). The Chinese minister and suite.

FITZALLEN. Of course! Speaking of open-hearted fellows reminds me of a chap I met the night before the battle of Corinth—

JOHNSTON (interrupts). In many respects Mr. Harrington is a prodigy.

FITZALLEN (surprised). A prodigy?

JOHNSTON. Certainly, Colonel. All men whose political aspirations are backed by ten millions or so are prodigies.

FITZALLEN. Ten millions! You don't mean to say Mr.

Harrington is worth ten millions?

JOHNSTON. Fully that, Colonel. Some say even more. FITZALLEN (mops his brow). Swords and bayonets! What a fine nest egg that would make for an old soldier like me!

JOHNSTON. I'm afraid it wouldn't do you much good. FITZALLEN. Eh, why not, Mr. Johnston?

JOHNSTON. You'd probably waste it in building monuments to heroes of the war who died doing just what they had taken their oaths to perform.

FITZALLEN (beats table with fist in anger). That's just like a broker. If some of you millionaires would devote a little of your wealth to the erection of such monuments, instead of founding libraries, you might live longer in the

memories of the people from whose bone and muscle your riches have been wrung!

JOHNSTON. Admirable philosophy, Colonel, but quite

impracticable.

FITZALLEN (angrily). I've heard men talk like that before! I remember the night before the battle of Bull Run—

JOHNSTON (interrupts). Now, as regards Mr. Harrington, he made his millions through a lucky strike on the Comstock a few years ago. He found an abandoned claim and worked it amid the laughter of every miner in the camp. But he knew what he was doing, for in a few months he came across a wonderfully rich vein of mineral that assayed \$2,000 to the ton.

FITZALLEN. Swords and bayonets! It seems like a fairy tale.

JOHNSTON. Nothing was too good for Harrington after that. The result was his nomination for, and election to, Congress by a practically unanimous vote.

BOXTON (off stage R. U. E.). His Excellency, the

President!

FITZALLEN. The president! That reminds me, he wanted to see me this evening. (Rises, turns up stage.)

Enter Manning, L. 2 E.

FITZALLEN (to JOHNSTON). Great guns! What's that? (Points to MANNING.)

JOHNSTON (rises and turns to L. 2 E.). What's the matter, Colonel?

(Manning is dressed as a cowboy with long hair, broadbrimmed hat and carries two pistols of large pattern in his hands. As he crosses to R. he twirls revolvers and whistles softly. He takes aim at imaginary objects and points weapons to Fitzallen and Johnston, who show fear. He looks at both with contempt and after a pause returns to L. 2 E., then, after another look, exits slowly L. 2 E.)

FITZALLEN. Swords and bayonets! Where did that spring from?

JOHNSTON (laughs). Why, that's Harrington's valet! FITZALLEN (goes L. C.). Bless my soul! He reminds me of a Texas ranger I met the night before the battle of the Wilderness—

Enter Von Gruyter in evening dress. He goes down C. Soft dance music off stage.

JOHNSTON (discovers GRUYTER). Ah, here's our German friend, Herr Von Gruyter. (Shakes hands.)

FITZALLEN. Why, bless my soul, so it is. He is the

kaiser's confidential adviser.

GRUYTER. Herr Gott! Yah. De emperor likes my adwise. Dat's why he sent me to America as assistant ambassador, because dey need men of brains in dis country.

FITZALLEN. I see! He wanted to get rid of you, eh?

GRUYTER. Vat is it you vas meaning, Colonel?

FITZALLEN (loudly). The emperor sent you here to get rid of you.

GRUYTER. Herr Gott, yah! A princess fell mit me in lofe und de kaiser was jealous mit me fearful.

FITZALLEN (contempt). The kaiser jealous of you!

GRUYTER. Donnerwetter, yah! Besides, you need good looking men in America. Dat's anoder reason why I have came, sure.

JOHNSTON (at R. C.). The country is grateful, no doubt.

GRUYTER (as he looks about). Oxcuse me, gentlemens, have you saw her?

FITZALLEN (looks about in imitation of GRUYTER). Saw her!

GRUYTER. Herr Gott, yah! I'm looking for a lady.

FITZALLEN. Swords and bayonets! Why do you look at me, sir? Do you think I have her concealed in my pocket?

GRUYTER (at L. C.). Donnerwetter! Is dot a choke? Herr Gott! It looks like you want to consult me, ain't it!

(Walks angrily to R. C.)

JOHNSTON (at C.). Have a care, Colonel! Don't embroil this nation with the government of the kaiser. We

have just finished one war at cost of a billion or more and we want no more for a season or two to come.

FITZALLEN (at C.). To Jericho with the kaiser! We have just licked Spain, and if the emperor persists in violating the Monroe doctrine, we'll knock the tar out of him!

GRUYTER (advances to Fitz.). Eh, vat you say?

FITZALLEN (stormily). Give me Dewey and Schley, and a handful of our brave boys in blue and I'll lick the world!

GRUYTER. Ish dot so! Dat is vat you tink, but I tink anoder ways.

FITZALLEN. I don't care what you think, sir! (Snaps finger at GRUYFER.)

GRUYTER (snaps finger). Oh, you don't vas de greatest oyster in de bunch! You are a blowgun, sir, a blowgun! FITZALLEN (breathing hard). Sir!

GRUYTER (confronts FITZ. at C.). In my country de big man is not de von who stands rount talking vat de army kin do when it fights mit a little tin-horn gountry like Spain, but he goes out mit de poys and fights like de tuyfel, ain't it!

FITZALLEN. Dare you insult me, sir, me, a Grand Army veteran? Why, sir, I'll crush you, sir, as I did a fellow the night before the battle of Vicksburg—

JOHNSTON (stepping C. between them). This will do, gentlemen. Remember, Von Gruyter, the Colonel is a very sensitive man.

GRUYTER. Und so vas I, as sensitive as a mule!

FITZALLEN (in a rage). You mean jackass, sir, jackass! (Walks up stage, goes to C. D., then to L. 2 E., looks about, then goes to C. D.)

JOHNSTON (at R. C., aside to GRUYTER). Has Santeau arrived?

GRUYTER. Yah, he comes mit de French minister just now. I saw him mit Miss Wentworth just awhile ago. Dat reminds me— (Hesitates.)

JOHNSTON. Well, go on.

GRUYTER. You are as tick as molasses mit de Count

de Santeau and Miss Wentworth. People vas talking of it. JOHNSTON (alarmed). What people?

GRUYTER (whispers). De Secret Service.

JOHNSTON (shows fear). Do you mean that, Von Gruyter?

GRUYTER. Herr Gott, yah! De chief tolt a friend of mine dat Santeau vas no better as a rotten egg, und dat he vas crooked as a ram's horn.

JOHNSTON. Does the French minister know of this? GRUYTER. Herr Gott! If he did, dere vould be a wacancy und Santeau vould get dis— (Makes motion of kicking man.)

JOHNSTON (aside). Can they suspect me? So, no! (To GRUYTER, as he slaps him jovially on the back.)

Come, we will have to look into this.

GRUYTER. Sure. (Turns and sees FITZALLEN, who approaches C.) Hello, Colonel, how is de jackass market to-night?

FITZALLEN. They're quoting German jackasses at a

very low figure this evening, sir.

GRUYTER. Vell, Colonel, ven dey hear dat you vas in de market it vill boom like de tuyfel. (Goes up stage R., with JOHNSTON.)

FITZALLEN (in a rage). Damn you and the Dutch!

FITZALLEN runs to C. D. and almost runs into SHAW and MRS. SHAW and MARIE, who enter C. D. from L. He starts back and bows to others and they come down stage. Johnston, on seeing Marie, goes up stage L. and gradually nears table, L. 2 E., standing R. of table.

Shaw (to Fitz.). Bless my soul, Colonel. You appear to be excited.

MARIE (in strong French accent—laughingly). Have we met ze enemy, Colonel? (Sits L. of table.)

FITZALLEN (mopping his brow). Pardon me, ladies, I was merely hurrying to keep an appointment with the president, who desired to consult me about the campaign in the Philippines. (He struts pompously to C. D. and turning L. All laugh. Shaw, Mrs. Shaw and

GRUYTER confer aside near R. 2 E. GRUYTER appears to be nervous and watches MARIE and JOHNSTON, who are talking at the table.)

JOHNSTON (in low voice to MARIE). You look charming to-night, Miss Wentworth. Permit me to congratulate you

gratulate you.

Marie (toying with fan). No compliments, Mr.

Johnston, please.

JOHNSTON. Pardon me, I was not aware compliments were distasteful to you.

MARIE. Zis is no time for foolish talk, but work-

work! Have you secured zat document?

JOHNSTON (looking about uneasily). It shall be in your possession ere you leave here to-night. Remember, you must make a copy and return the original to me.

MARIE (laughs). How cautious we have grown! If we were to be discovered at our tricks, eh? (Pauses in-

quiringly.)

JOHNSTON (in whisper). It would mean the halter for both of us.

MARIE (shudders). Ugh! vat an ugly vord zat is.

JOHNSTON. A noose would not fit your lovely throat as admirably as does that necklace, madam.

MARIE (starts, then recovers herself). You sometimes speak ze truth, Mr. Johnston. It is a noble trait.

JOHNSTON. You are facetious.

MARIE (reproachfully). Ah, Mr. Johnston! Soon you vill say zat I am one hypocrite.

JOHNSTON. We must settle this business speedily. Are you aware that we are being watched?

MARIE (starts). Watched!

JOHNSTON. The Secret Service agents have their eyes upon Santeau—

MARIE (interrupts). You are dreaming!

JOHNSTON. De Santeau unmasked, what will become of you?

MARIE (insinuatingly). And of you, Mr. Johnston? JOHNSTON (starts). Meet me in the conservatory at

midnight. (Looks at her for a moment, then exits C. D. slowly.)

GRUYTER (aside). I vonder vat dey vas talking apout? By Jimini! I tink I vas getting jealous of de old rascal. (Confers with Mrs. Shaw.)

SHAW (goes to table—to MARIE). Madam, your beauty

this evening is incomparable.

MARIE (laughingly). You do me too much honor, Senator Shaw.

SHAW (bowing). Homage is due the queen of beauty, be it in a thatched cottage or in the drawing-room of a king's palace.

MRS. SHAW (calls). Senator! (She advances to C.) SHAW (annoyed). Yes, my dear. (Looks at MARIE.)

MRS. SHAW (takes his arm and pulls him C.). I have just told Herr Von Gruyter that you were insanely jealous of me. Aren't you, dear?

GRUYTER (aside). Grosser Himmel! Dat is a goot you on de Senator!

SHAW. How ridiculous, Angelina!

MARIE (laughs). How amusing!

MRS. SHAW. Why do you laugh, Miss Wentworth?

MARIE. At ze thought of ze sensation zis would create in zis day of yellow journalism, if it were to get into the newspapers. How ze opposition would relish it all, eh, Senator!

SHAW. The lord preserve me from newspaper notoriety. Mrs. SHAW (to SHAW). I was only jesting, Mortimer, wasn't I, dear?

SHAW. No doubt, Angelina, but don't let it occur again. Remember, we are no longer at the old homestead in Vermont.

MRS. SHAW (aside, looking at MARIE). And I regret it, too! (To GRUYTER.) Your arm, Herr Von Gruyter. GRUYTER (offers arm). Wid de most pleasant pleasure in de vorld, madam.

MRS. SHAW (aside as she walks to C. D. on right of GRUYTER, looking back). I wonder what he sees to ad-

mire in that woman? Oh, how I hate her! (Exits with GRUYTER, C. D.)

MARIE (R. at table, to SHAW, motioning him to sit).

To business, Senator.

SHAW (sits L. opposite her at table). I am at your service, madam.

MARIE. You know zis money king from Nevada—Mr. Harrington, I believe he is called?

SHAW. Certainly, madam.

MARIE. You will do me ze favor to introduce me?

SHAW. I will be delighted to do so.

MARIE. He is a single man, I believe, Senator?

SHAW. Unquestionably. Surely you have no intention of setting your cap for him?

MARIE (laughs). Stranger tings zan that have happened, Senator.

Shaw. Very likely, but I assure you he is no ladies' man.

MARIE. I vill inquire into zat later. For ze present I must ask you to assist me in winning him over to my cause. Shaw (shakes head). That will be difficult, I fear.

MARIE. He must be won! He is a power in Congress. He has millions and is said to be a most liberal man.

SHAW. This project of yours will not succeed at this time, madam.

MARIE. Shame on you, Senator! I give you my word it will not fail.

SHAW (musingly). Hum! In a nutshell, you wish me to aid the French minister and yourself to perfect an alliance between France and the United States. Am I right?

MARIE. As you always are—most always.

Shaw. You wish to pit the United States and France against all the world—

MARIE (interrupts). Yes, just as zose countries were pitted against England in 1776.

SHAW. It won't work, madam, it won't work!

MARIE. Ah, you are like von raven, Senator, you are always croaking. I like not zat in you. (Looks indignant.)

SHAW. Have it as you will, Miss Wentworth. Now, if this were to be an alliance with England that would be a different matter. But with France—pshaw! the genuine American won't have it, he won't have it! (Crosses R.)

MARIE (reproachfully). And you have told me zat

you loved me!

Shaw (crosses L.). I am a gallant man, madam, but, hang it! I'm a true citizen and your proposal for me to introduce an alliance resolution in the Senate is rejected!

MARIE (rises—crosses to R. C.). Horrible man!

SHAW (at R. C.). If I don't reject your plan, the Senate will, so that ends your proposition as far as I am concerned.

MARIE. If you cannot aid me in this, you will not

refuse to present me to Mr. Harrington?

SHAW. Certainly not, Miss Wentworth. (Goes to C. D., looks off L.) See, he comes now. (Confers with MARIE, R. C.)

Enter from L. C. D. HARRINGTON in evening dress, and LESTER in costume of West Point cadet. They come down C., talking together earnestly.

Dance music off stage stopped.

HARRINGTON (down C.—to LESTER). I'm ashamed of you, young man! You a soldier and afraid of a woman! LESTER. It's plain you don't know Alice Saintsbury. Why, I'd rather fight a regiment of Filipinos with a fireshovel than tell her I love her! She might refuse me, and that would be awful.

HARRINGTON. Suppose she refuses me?

LESTER. Oh, she won't be fool enough to do that.

HARRINGTON. How do you know?

LESTER. Because, you're somebody, while she looks on me as a sort of curiosity, only to be made fun of.

HARRINGTON (laughs). Oh, that's it, is it?

LESTER. If you tell her it's a case of root hog or die with me, she'll cave in gracefully. No girl can stand that sort of argument, you know.

HARRINGTON (in despair). Don't you know you can't argue with a woman, Jimmie?

LESTER. But Alice isn't a woman.

HARRINGTON (surprised). What is thunder is she, then? LESTER. Only a mite of a girl with a temper.

HARRINGTON. And you want me to nhake love to her in your behalf?

LESTER. Yes, be my proxy. You break the ice and I will sail after you in smoother water.

HARRINGTON. You're a genius in a way, Jimmie.

LESTER. Tell her I'm good looking even if it is a whopper. Say to her if she refuses me I'll go to the Fiji Islands and turn savage!

HARRINGTON. This lovemaking at third hand is a dangerous proposition, Jimmie. What if I should fall in love with her myself?

LESTER. Oh, but you won't. Everybody knows you're already dead gone on Miss Sylvester—

HARRINGTON. You rascal! I'll have you sent to China for this!

LESTER. I wish you would! Anything, even killing Boxers, is preferable to loving a girl who turns up her nose at you every time you make goo-goo eyes at her.

HARRINGTON. It's a big job, Jimmie, but I'll tackle it for you.

LESTER (shakes his hand). You're a brick, Mr. Harrington. (Crosses to L. 2 E.)

Shaw (advances to Harrington, C.). Mr. Harrington!

HARRINGTON (turns R. to him). Senator Shaw! Shaw. May I present you to a charming lady?

HARRINGTON. You don't have to ask my consent to that, Senator.

SHAW (signals to MARIE to advance C.). Then permit me, Miss Wentworth, to present to you Mr. Clarence Harrington, congressman from Nevada. Mr. Harrington, Miss Wentworth.

HARRINGTON (looking at MARIE). I'm delighted to

meet you, madam, I'm sure. (Starts back—aside.) That face!

MARIE (starts—aside). Mon dieu! Who is this man? It cannot be—

SHAW (aside). They act queerly for strangers. (Watches them.)

HARRINGTON (casily to MARIE). It pleases me to make your acquaintance, Miss Wentworth. (He emphasizes name with significant look.)

MARIE (bowing). I am honored to meet ze celebrated

congressman from Nevada.

SHAW (to HARRINGTON). Miss Wentworth desires to see you privately, Mr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON. Privately?

MARIE. A mere trifle, I assure you.

HARRINGTON. It is trifles which often get public men into serious trouble, madam, and I make it a rule invariably to avoid them.

SHAW (laughs). There's wisdom in that.

MARIE. How ungallant you both are, gentlemen!

HARRINGTON. Only practical, madam. Trifles become doubly serious when women are connected with them.

MARIE (laughs). Then you fear women, Mr. Har-

rington?

HARRINGTON. It is not a question of fear, but of policy. I have lived in Washington long enough to have made that discovery.

MARIE. There's delicious candor for you!

HARRINGTON. No, madam, only plain, unvarnished truth.

Mrs. Shaw (off stage L.—calls). Mortimer!

SHAW (starts). That's my wife's angelic voice! I promised to waltz with her.

HARRINGTON. Then you must keep your word, Senator. Model husbands never break promises made to their wives.

LESTER (at L. C.). Gee whiz! Such husbands don't live in Washington these days. (Walks up stage C.)

SHAW. Kindly excuse me. (Turns up stage.)

HARRINGTON. Certainly, Senator. (Looks at MARIE,

who, on catching his glance, turns from him and sits on settee R. C.)

SHAW (taking LESTER'S arm as he goes up stage). Come along, Jimmie, I wish to talk to you.

LESTER (struggles). But I don't want to talk! I'm tired of talking!

SHAW (laughs). Then you're not in love, my lad.

LESTER. That's just the trouble! If Mr. Harrington doesn't help me out I'll be in the consommé. (Excunt Shaw and Lester C. D.)

HARRINGTON (uside as he watches MARIE). I am not mistaken! It is she, as sure as my name's Harrington. Well, let me see. (Goe's to her at settee R. C.) Madam, pardon my curiosity, but are you a native of Europe?

MARIE. What a strange question! Certainly, I was born in Europe.

HARRINGTON (watching her closely). In Paris, for instance, madam?

MARIE (starts—aside). Mon dieu! It must be he! If he recognizes me I am lost. (Shows agitation.)

HARRINGTON. You do not answer me, madam. Are you ill?

MARIE (laughingly). Oh, no! Why do you zink I am a Parisienne. sir?

HARRINGTON. Because of your accent. (Watches her intently.)

MARIE (annoyed). Why do you look at me like zat, sir! Your conduct is strange. (Rises.) Pardon me if I retire.

HARRINGTON (forcing her gently back). Don't be in a hurry about leaving. I want to tell you a little story.

MARIE. A story!

HARRINGTON. I think it will interest you.

MARIE (with forced gaiety). How entertaining! Are

all men from Nevada so obliging?

HARRINGTON. We're an obliging lot in Nevada, I assure you, madam. When we come across claim-jumpers and horse thieves, we string 'em up quickly and like gentlemen.

MARIE (nervously). You are speaking in Greek to me,

Mr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON. I will be talking plain English to you by and by, madam. But I beg you will not interrupt my story.

MARIE (laughs). Ah, yes, ze story! You were talking about some strange people in your Nevada. Proceed, Mr.

Harrington.

HARRINGTON. Not strange people, madam, but honest hearts that abhor wickedness wherever they find it. When people in my state—God bless her!—betray their trusts, they receive notice to skip. When blackmailers show themselves anywhere between Reno and Carson City, the vigilantes give them a royal reception.

MARIE. How good of them!

HARRINGTON (leans over her). Madam, I was once a vigilante, and excuse me if I say to you that I don't like blackmailers, be they men or women.

MARIE (angry). Why do you say ziz to me, sir?

HARRINGTON. Because it's plain English and not Greek I'm speaking now, madam. You ought to understand English.

MARIE. Would you insult me, sir?

HARRINGTON (laughs). Insult you! How could I insult Mlle. Bouchard?

MARIE (utters smothered cry). Mon Dieu! You know me!

HARRINGTON. Know you? How could I ever forget so charming a woman? My recollections of Paris, thanks to you, will never be effaced from my memory.

MARIE (tremulously). Ah, yes, I remember now! You were ze American—

HARRINGTON. You've hit the nail on the head, kerplunk! I am the softy American you and your confederate tried to fleece in the little house in the Rue de Rivoli.

MARIE (pleadingly). Not so loud, I beg! Not so loud! HARRINGTON. Excuse me, madam, it's a bad habit I have of yelling at the top of my musical voice. I'll have to break myself of it, especially in the society of ladies.

Come, I'll tell you the story I promised you.

MARIE (tearfully). No, no! Do not ruin me!

HARRINGTON. Ah, how inconsistent you are! You live by ruining others, and yet how the thought of disaster to yourself terrifies you!

MARIE. You are cruel.

HARRINGTON (laughs). No, only just!

MARIE (tearfully). Pity me! You are a strong man, I a weak, defenseless woman. The contest between us is

most unequal.

HARRINGTON. There was a time when you didn't think so, madam. By the way, what has become of this rascally confederate of yours—this—this—what the devil's his name? (Studies.) Ah, I have it now! Durot—Bertrand Durot!

MARIE (aside). Mon dieu! If they should meet! HARRINGTON. You are silent, madam.

MARIE (emotion). Pity me, sir, pity me!

HARRINGTON. What a pretty pair you were! He, a gambler and all-round crook; you, the serpent that lured victims into the snare!

MARIE (in agony). Silence, in the name of heaven!

HARRINGTON. I was a green fool then, fresh from the Comstock with a cartload of money to spend. I met you one day; your dark eyes fascinated me. Ah, experience, not gold, makes men truly rich! But you did not count upon the nerve of a man who had faced death in a thousand ways in the course of an adventuresome career, and when he presented his respects in the shape of a Colt, No. 44, both of you wilted like the cowards you were!

MARIE. I beg of you, say no more!

HARRINGTON. Hang it! I can't help it! When I get started, I'm like an old woman at a knitting bee. But where is Durot?

MARIE (aside). I must gain time. (To HARRINGTON.) He is—is—dead!

HARRINGTON. Dead! Thank God for that! There is one scoundrel the less in the world. (Turns to L. C.)

MARIE (rises and goes to C. D.—aside). They must

not meet! What shall I do? I must warn Bertrand against this man! (Looks off L. at C. D.—starts.) Ah, Santeau is coming this way! (Places hand on heart and staggers down C.) Help! I am ill!

HARRINGTON (puts arm about her). What's this?

Fainting! Here's a pickle! (Calls.) Boxton!

Enter BOXTON, L. 2 E.

Boxton (goes to Harrington). Here, sir.

HARRINGTON. Assist me with this lady, then send for a doctor.

BOXTON (takes MARIE by left arm). Yes, sir. She's fainting, sir.

HARRINGTON. Maybe so, but you can't always tell about a woman, Boxton. (Aside as he leads her to L. 2 E.) I believe she is shamming. I wonder what's her game. (Exeunt HARRINGTON, MARIE, BOXTON, L. 2 E.)

Enter DE SANTEAU, C. D., in evening dress, with red sash running across shirt front. He smokes cigarette and comes leisurely down stage looking about.

Santeau (at C.). I thought I saw one of those Secret Service agents watching me. Can they suspect me? No, it is impossible. I stand too well with the people of the embassy to fear detection at the hands of these miserable American sleuth hounds. No, no, my secret is as safe as if it were buried at the bottom of the sea. (Crosses-to L. 2 E.) What has become of Marie? I have searched for her high and low. (Opens door L. 2 E. and looks off.) Ah, she is there! What can she be doing with this man from Nevada, this millionaire who is the talk of Washington? So long as she does not play me false, I have nothing to fear. (Goes to R. C.) I must secure those plans, and then away for Madrid and a safe retreat in the Pyrennes! But how about that other—ah, that will be a delicate matter! What a fool I have been! Well, who cares? When I'm gone, she will learn to forget me. If she doesn't, it will be her fault, not mine. (Examines statue near R. 2 E.)

Laughter heard off stage, then enter, C. D., LESTER and ALICE, running. They come down C.

LESTER (to ALICE). I have told Mr. Harrington everything, Alice. He will read you a lecture you won't soon

forget, I assure you.

ALICE (angrily). How dare you speak of our love affairs to Mr. Harrington, or anyone else, for that matter? I'll never speak to you again as long as I live! (Pouts.)

LESTER (takes her hand). Then you admit they are

love affairs?

ALICE: I said I wouldn't speak to you again, and I won't. There!

LESTER (placing arm around her waist). Well, can't you tell a poor fellow that you love him just a little bit?

ALICE. Well, if that poor fellow is fool enough not to see it, I don't know why I should open his eyes. But I said I wouldn't speak to you any more, and I won't, if I die for it. (Pouts and nestles closer to LESTER.)

Enter Harrington, L. 2 E. He watches them.

LESTER. Then you do love me a little, Alice?

ALICE. If you don't hurry, there won't be any love left at all.

LESTER (kisses her). You're a darling tease!

HARRINGTON (advancing to them). Hello, Jimmie! LESTER (shyly). He caught us that time. It was your fault, Alice.

ALICE (angrily). I like your impudence! It was your fault.

LESTER. That's rich! You forced me to kiss you!

ALICE. You're a wicked storyteller! You forced me! LESTER. I didn't.

ALICE. You naughty thing! You did!

HARRINGTON (separating them). Stop this gabble! (To LESTER.) Is this the way you fight your country's battles, sir?

LESTER. It's Alice who's doing the fighting.

HARRINGTON. You can't win your spurs fighting love's battles, young man.

Lester (confused). I'd rather fight them than—than—HARRINGTON (threateningly). Your country's battles, rascal!

Lester (shyly). Yes, sir.

HARRINGTON (to ALICE). And what have you to say, my little lady?

ALICE. I'll give Jimmie all the battles he wants after we're married. (Confers with LESTER, L. C.)

Enter, C. D., Shaw, Mrs. Shaw, followed by Gruyter, Fitzallen, Johnston, and several lady and gentlemen guests. Fitzallen goes to Lester, and Alice L. C., Johnston confers with Santeau R. 3 E., Gruyter stands near C. D., Shaw and Mrs. Shaw go to Harrington C.

SHAW (to HARRINGTON). Permit me to congratulate you, Mr. Harrington, upon the success of your ball.

HARRINGTON. I hope all enjoyed themselves, I'm sure. MRS. SHAW. It was perfectly delightful! You must permit the Senator and myself to entertain you in turn. When shall it be?

HARRINGTON. Whenever it suits your convenience, madam.

MRS. SHAW. Then let it be to-morrow night. Miss Sylvester is most desirous of seeing you.

HARRINGTON (soberly). Miss Sylvester desirous of seeing me! Why did she not attend you here this evening? Mrs. Shaw. She was ill.

HARRINGTON (anxiously). Ill? I hope there's nothing serious—

MRS. SHAW. Oh, no! She had a sick headache—one of those dreadful aches that well-nigh drive a woman mad. GRUYTER (comes down C.). I know vat dem is. I

half gone mad a hundred times de same way.

HARRINGTON. That's too bad, Herr von Gruyter. With the kaiser ill and you mad, the affairs of Germany must be in a serious muddle.

FITZALLEN (at L. C.). That's just what I said an hour

ago. That reminds me of the night before the battle of Ball's Bluff—

GRUYTER (interrupts). I know! It was raining pitch-forks dat night! •

FITZALLEN (angrily). Sir!

HARRINGTON. Come, a parting glass! (Goes to L. 2 E.—calls.) Boxton.

Enter Boxton, L. 2 E.

BOXTON (to HARRINGTON). At your service, sir. HARRINGTON (in low voice). How is my patient? BOXTON. About recovered, sir.

HARRINGTON. Very good. (Aloud.) Some champagne!

BOXTON. Yes, sir. (Exit L. 2 E.)

SANTEAU (R. C., aside to JOHNSTON). Introduce me to this money king.

JOHNSTON. I will do so, but let me warn you that you cannot play any tricks on him.

SANTEAU. My dear fellow, let me be the judge of my own conduct.

Enter Marie, L. 2 E. She goes to C. D. and watches.

JOHNSTON (crosses to HARRINGTON, C.). Mr. Harrington, allow me to introduce to you Count Bertrand de Santeau.

HARRINGTON (turns to SANTEAU—starts). My God! MARIE (aside). He recognizes him! We are lost! (Gradually comes C.)

SANTEAU (to JOHNSTON). Why does he look at me like that? Is he ill?

JOHNSTON. I'm sure I don't know. Speak to him.

Santeau (holds out hand to Harrington). It pleases me to meet the distinguished congressman from Nevada, Mr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON (ignores hand). Pardon me, Count. I'm subject to these peculiar spells.

Enter BOXTON with champagne glasses and bottle of champagne on a salver. He passes about among company and fills glasses.

Santeau. I am so sorry, Mr. Harrington. Is it—(Crosses to L. C.)

HARRINGTON (interrupts him). Yes, it's a common complaint in Nevada. (To others.) Come, a toast.

FITZALLEN (holding aloft glass). Aye, a toast!

ALL (holding up glasses). A toast!

HARRINGTON (at R. C., looking Santeau full in the face). Here's to France, her fair women and brave men. Santeau (R. C., near Harrington). A' right royal toast, sir.

HARRINGTON. And her most notorious citizen, the self-styled Count de Santeau. (All show great excitement and watch HARRINGTON.)

Santeau (angrily dashing glass to floor). You insult me, sir!

HARRINGTON. No, on the contrary, it is you who insult my guests and me by remaining longer under my roof! Boxton, show that man to the door!

BOXTON (takes position beside SANTEAU). Yes, sir.

Santeau (draws cigarette from case). You shall pay dearly for this!

SHAW (to HARRINGTON). What does this mean, Mr. Harrington?

HARRINGTON. Simply that this man, who is parading as Count de Santeau, is none other than Bertrand Durot, the best-known card sharp, thief and blackleg in France!

MARIE (rushes down C.). It is a lie!

HARRINGTON (points to MARIE). And this woman, ladies and gentlemen, is his accomplice! (MARIE sways and reels to chair at table, into which she falls in faint. HARRINGTON stands C. gazing contemptuously at her. LESTER and ALICE, with FITZALLEN, stand L. C. GRUYTER, JOHNSTON and other gentlemen and ladies are grouped R. C. across up stage, all showing agitation. SHAW and

MRS. SHAW stand up stage, C., near HARRINGTON. SAN-TEAU goes to L. 2 E., where BOXTON stands pointing the way off. SANTEAU lights cigarette and glances maliciously toward HARRINGTON as)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—Elegant drawing-room in Senator Shaw's residence in 3 G. Large bow-window, R. C. in F. Piano stands against wall, L. C. Curtained entrance running obliquely from piano to L. 2 E. To L. of this entrance is a palm. Practical street door R. U. E., and at L. 2 E. Small table with easy chair R. C. Settee or sofa L. C. Large globe lamp stands on pedestal between piano and L. U. E. Carpet on floor and pictures on walls. with bric-a-brac here and there. Scene well lighted at rise, with moonlight effect through bow-window. At rise discovered Lucille, a maid, arranging tea set on table. When curtain is well up a small bell is rung off stage L. U. E.—See Scene Plot for stage setting.

LUCILLE (goes to L. U. E.). Coming, Miss Sylvester. MADELINE (off stage, L. U. E.). Has Mrs. Shaw returned, Lucille?

LUCILLE. No, Miss Sylvester.

MADELINE. Strange!

LUCILLE (at L. U. E.). She said she was going to her tailor's.

Enter Madeline, L. U. E. She wears a gown of white material, soft and clinging. She goes C.

MADELINE (surprised). Her tailor's!

LUCILLE (going to table and working with dishes). You were asleep when she left and she said she did not desire to disturb you.

MADELINE. How secretive she was when I asked her about Mr. Harrington's ball. Something dreadful must have happened there last night.

Lucille. So I heard the coachman say.

MADELINE (eagerly). What did he say? Tell me, Lucille.

LUCILLE. He said there was a great scandal.

MADELINE. A scandal?

LUCILLE. There was some trouble between Mr. Harrington and Count de Santeau. Everybody in Washington is talking about it.

MADELINE (at C., emotion). Trouble between Mr. Harrington and Count de Santeau! What was the trouble? (Bell rings off R. U. E.)

LUCILLE. I don't know the circumstances, Miss Sylves-

ter.

MADELINE (stands L. C.). See who is ringing, Lucille. Lucille (goes to R. U. E. and opens door; looks off). It is Mr. Lester and Miss Saintsbury.

MADELINE (aside). Now I shall hear all!

Enter Lester and Alice, R. U. E. They come down C. to Madeline. Lucille busies herself at table.

ALICE (kisses MADELINE). Good evening, Madeline. How lovely you look!

MADELINE. I'm delighted to see you, Alice.

ALICE. I'm enchanted to be here. Here's Jimmie. (She takes his hand and drags him forward.) You've quite forgotten him, Madeline.

LESTER. Oh, don't worry about me, Miss Sylvester. When Alice is about I don't count any more than a fifth wheel to a wagon.

MADELINE (shakes his hand). I'm always pleased to meet Mr. Lester.

ALICE. We just dropped in on our way to the opera to see you for a moment. It's Wagner night to-night, and Jimmie fairly dotes on Wagner. Don't you, Jimmie?

LESTER. Oh, yes. (Aside.) I'd a good deal rather a coon song!

ALICE (to MADELINE, shyly). It's all settled, Madeline. MADELINE (surprised). Settled.

ALICE. Yes, Jimmie and I are engaged at last.

LESTER (indignant). There you're giving the whole snap away! Just like a woman! I never knew one that could keep a secret more than ten minutes!

ALICE (hercely). If you're ashamed to have the fact

known, we'll call it off!

LESTER. Not for the world! If you can stand it, I can. You may climb the Washington monument and talk about it till you're blue in the face, for all I care.

ALICE. Wait till we're married! Won't I fix you!

LESTER. I'll have something to say about that, my girl.

MADELINE (taking their hands, laughingly). I congratulate you both with all my heart. I was about to have tea. Won't you join me?

ALICE. I'm just dying for a cup of tea! Aren't you,

Jimmie?

Lester (ruefully). I'm pining away for the want of

it. (Aside with a grimace.) I hate tea!

MADELINE. Be seated. (She sits at end of table facing audience. ALICE sits L., while LESTER sits R. LUCILLE works about them.)

ALICE. How delightful this is!

LESTER (gloomily). Yes, I'm tickled to death!

MADELINE. Really, Mr. Lester, you appear to be gloomy.

Lester. Do I? To be sure, I'm just engaged, you

know—

ALICE (interrupts). Jimmie Lester.

LESTER (starts). Oh, I mean I'm engaged—engaged—you know—what the deuce! Ah, yes! I'm engaged in writing a work on the subject, "How to Keep One's Temper."

ALICE. Pooh! All you know on that subject I have

taught you.

MADELINE (as she pours out tea). Come, tell me what happened at Mr. Harrington's house last night. (To LUCILLE.) You may retire, Lucille.

LUCILLE. Thank you, Miss Sylvester. (Exit L. U. E.) ALICE. Oh, Madeline, it was a dreadful affair!

MADELINE (surprised). Dreadful?

LESTER. You see, Miss Sylvester, there was a grand row between Mr. Harrington and Count de Santeau.

ALICE. It was for all the world like a scene from one of Dumas' novels.

LESTER. My! but didn't he give it hot to that Frenchman! I wouldn't have missed it for two dollars.

MADELINE (excitedly). Go on, I beg! What hap-

pened?

LESTER. Of course, you don't know this Count de Santeau, Miss Sylvester. I always did size him up as a first-class fraud.

MADELINE (drops cup). Fraud!

LESTER (picks up cup). I saw him shuffling cards at the club one night, and it did not take me long to catch on. He's an out and out bilk.

MADELINE (leans back in chair dazed). Ah!

ALICE. What's the matter, Madeline?

Madeline (recovers herself with effort at gayety). Nothing, Alice. A most entertaining story! Proceed, Mr. Lester.

LESTER. Well, it was this way-

ALICE (interrupts). If you go on this way, it will take you all night to tell what happened! You see, Madeline, Mr. Harrington publicly charged that Count de Santeau was the most notorious black—black limb in France.

LESTER. Not black limb, Alice, but blackleg—blackleg! ALICE (shyly). I didn't want to say it that way.

LESTER. He followed this up with the statement that Miss Wentworth was the Count's accomplice, and ordered them both out of his house like a couple of pickpockets.

MADELINE (falls back with smothered cry.) My God! ALICE (rises and goes to her assistance). You are ill, Madeline!

LESTER (pouring his tea into the pot). It's that durned tea! If the boys in my class caught me guzzling it, they'd haze me!

MADELINE (recovers and rises). It is nothing. (Walks up stage to window—aside.) He called him blackleg! What does it mean? (Looks out window in agitation.)
ALICE (to LESTER, C.). This comes of your gossiping,

Timmie!

LESTER. Well, I'll be blowed! You started it. Alice!

ALICE. You horrid thing! I did not!

LESTER. Yes, you did! You're always getting someone in hot water!

ALICE. I do not! (They continue to dispute.)

MADELINE (coming to them, C.—with forced gayety). I presume society is gloating over this choice morsel?

ALICE. I should say so, Madeline! The French minister says he will demand his passport unless Mr. Harrington proves his charges, and a special meeting of the cabinet has been called by the president to consider the scandal.

LESTER. Gee whiz! What a whopper!

That's what Sally Jones told me, and she ALICE. ought to know.

LESTER (resignedly). Heaven bless Sally!

ALICE. We must leave you now, Madeline, or lose the whole of the first act at the opera.

LESTER. Yes, we'd better hurry if we want to get our money's worth.

MADELINE (turning up stage, sadly). Good night. ALICE. Good night! (Goes to R. U. E. with Lester.) There's something wrong here, Jimmie.

LESTER (at R. U. E.). It's a Chinese puzzle to me.

(Exeunt both R. U. E.)

MADELINE (goes to window after seeing them off). What does it mean? Why should Mr. Harrington denounce him-him above all men? Does he know-can he suspect? No. no! It is not possible. If they knew—my God! if they knew! (Comes down C.)

Enter HARRINGTON and FITZALLEN. R. U. E.

MADELINE (discovers them and starts). Mr. Harrington! What shall I do or say? (Turns to them. She stands L. C.)

HARRINGTON (at R. C. to MADELINE). Miss Sylvester! MADELINE (confused). Mr. Harrington—I—I—

FITZALLEN (advancing to C.). Why, Miss Sylvester, they told us that you were ill.

HARRINGTON. But you are better now, I hope?

MADELINE (with forced laugh). Why, yes! Much better. Don't you see, I'm gay—gay as a cricket.

FITZALLEN. Why, certainly, anyone can see that!

HARRINGTON (aside, turning R. C.). I must get rid of this fighting machine somehow. (Looks at MADELINE admiringly.)

FITZALLEN. Speaking of crickets reminds me of the

night before the battle of Pittsburg Landing-

HARRINGTON (interrupts as he pats FITZALLEN on shoulder). Of course! It also reminds me that there is a very excellent picture of that battle in the Senator's gallery. You'd better have a look at it, Colonel. It will pay you. (During this speech he shoves FITZALLEN toward L. U. E.)

FITZALLEN. Swords and bayonets! I never knew that! HARRINGTON. The longer you know me, Colonel, the more you will know. That picture is the finest I ever saw. You'll find it at the extreme end of the gallery. (Points off.)

FITZALLEN (at L. U. E.). I see how it is! (Pokes HARRINGTON in ribs.) You want the field to yourself, so you muster me out. Why, sir, the night before the battle—

HARRINGTON (shoving him off L. U. E.). Tell that story to the Senator, sir!

FITZALLEN. Very well. We'll have a look at that pic-

ture. (Exit L. U. E.)

HARRINGTON (aside as he goes toward MADELINE, who is seated on sofa L. C.). How the sight of her thrills me! I must be in an awful way when my heart beats like a sledge hammer every time I see her. (Braces himself up.) Guess I'll have to get at it right away if I hope to have any courage left. (Goes to her and leaning over her whispers bashfully.) Miss Sylvester!

MADELINE (starting and turning to him). Ah, is it you?

HARRINGTON (confused). Yes, it's me—of course it's me! Did you expect it was my shadow. Miss Sylvester?

MADELINE (confused). Why, no-I-I-(hesitates).

HARRINGTON (after pause). I just wanted to say-say -what the devil do I want to say? Ah, yes! I'm sorry you found it impossible to attend my ball last night.

MADELINE. I was very ill last night, Mr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON. Ah, I see plainly that you are not well. Your pale face proves that. Why, it's this durned climate— MADELINE. No. no—

HARRINGTON (interrupts). But I know better, Miss Sylvester! You need the bracing air of the Sierras to build you up. We don't have headaches in Nevada.

MADELINE. Perhaps not, but you have heartaches even in Nevada.

HARRINGTON (starts). Heartaches! I hope it isn't as bad as that. You don't mean to tell me you have heart disease?

MADELINE (laughs faintly). Oh, no! It is not quite as serious as that.

HARRINGTON. Well, that takes a mountain off my mind. (Leans over her.) I've had a touch of the same complaint myself, Miss Sylvester.

MADELINE (alarmed). What! Heart disease?

HARRINGTON. No, heartache.

MADELINE (aside). What is coming now?

HARRINGTON (eagerly). It is a disease that manifests itself only when I see or think of you.

MADELINE (shrinking from him). Ah!

HARRINGTON. Don't shrink from me, Miss Sylvester. My heart has been aching ever since we met in California three years ago, and I want to tell you that, do what I may, the ache won't pass away until you say the word.

MADELINE (agitated). Until I say the word!

HARRINGTON (passionately). Yes, until you reply to what I'm going to say, and that is-is-that I love you with all my soul!

MADELINE (hiding face in pillow). You love me!

HARRINGTON. There! It's out at last, like the measles. I couldn't have lived another hour without making this avowal. Ah, I remember you now as I saw you then! It was at night, on the veranda at Del Monte. All about us were roses, while above, sunk in their beds of ebony, shone millions of stars like crystals, casting their scintillating rays like a benediction upon us as we talked.

MADELINE (softly). Yes, I remember.

HARRINGTON (passionately.) We spoke of the myriad worlds up there, and I recall your saying that when woman loved her affection was as eternal as the countless suns that studded the firmament.

MADELINE (tearfully). True, true, I said so.

HARRINGTON. And my heart echoed the sentiment! The soft night air, perfumed with the sweet scent of violets and a wealth of roses; your divine presence, your eyes, glistening like diamonds in the starlight; your merry laugh, your soul that spoke, transported me to infinite depths, where all was peace and love.

MADELINE (in anguish). Ah, ah!

HARRINGTON. You changed my being then, and it was only when we bade each other good night that I came to the knowledge that I loved you with all my heart!

MADELINE (tearfully). You love me, Mr. Harrington? HARRINGTON. I was poor then, you an heiress. In my lonely cabin on the Comstock, night after night, I thought of you, until at last there crept into my soul a longing to have you for my own. Suddenly came wealth—riches so vast that I well nigh lost my head. Madeline, these riches, with my boundless love, I place at your feet. Will you accept them? Speak!

MADELINE (in agony). Oh, this is unbearable! (Cross to R.)

HARRINGTON (starts). My God! Unbearable!
MADELINE (tearfully). I do not mean that—
HARRINGTON. You don't hate me, Miss Sylvester?
MADELINE. Hate you! No, no!

HARRINGTON. Thank heaven for that!

MADELINE. Indeed, I esteem you, Mr. Harrington, but —(hesitates).

HARRINGTON. I see it all now! It's my durned rough manners you don't like.

MADELINE. No, not that!

HARRINGTON. It's true, I'm old—past thirty—and ugly as sin, and my ways are not just polished off right. But, blast me, my heart is all right, and it beats for you alone, Miss Sylvester. I'm rich and able to satisfy every desire, but if the sacrifice of my fortune is needed to secure your love, I'll give it all to some university.

MADELINE (tearfully). Oh, speak of this no more! I

am unworthy of your love.

HARRINGTON. Unworthy! Poor child, your illness has

affected your mind.

MADELINE (aside). Oh, I dare not tell him— (A low whistle in imitation of bird heard off R. U. E. MADELINE starts, listens, then covers face with hands. HARRINGTON goes to window and looks out.)

HARRINGTON (coming down to her). It is the whip-poor-will singing to its mate. Even the birds have their

joys and sorrows, Madeline.

MADELINE (aside). It is Bertrand's signal! If he should enter—ah!

HARRINGTON. You are not well! Let me assist you— (Goes to her.)

MADELINE. Yes, I am ill! Leave me now, Mr. Harrington, leave me!

HARRINGTON. Your answer then—? (Whistle again off stage—MADELINE starts.)

MADELINE (agitated). To-morrow—to-morrow—

HARRINGTON (after pause). As you will—to-morrow! (Goes to R. U. E.—Madeline restrains him at door.)

MADELINE. Not that way, Mr. Harrington! (Points to L. U. E.)

HARRINGTON (goes to L. U. E.—aside). How strangely she acts! (Sighs deeply, then exits L. U. E.)

MADELINE (runs to window and waves handkerchief to R.). I shall soon know all! Bertrand must tell me the

truth! (Comes down C.) Ah, this suspense will drive me mad! (Goes toward R. U. E. and looks off—starts.) He comes! My God! how will it end?

Enter Santeau R. U. E. Madeline runs to him with outstretched arms. Santeau repulses her roughly.

MADELINE (astonished). This from you, Bertrand! SANTEAU (roughly). I have no time for that sort of nonsense! (Sits at table and lights cigarette.)

MADELINE (at C.). Nonsense! You dare say this to me!

Santeau (laughs). When you know me better, Madeline, you will realize fully that I dare say anything, even to you. (Smokes.)

MADELINE. Ah, I begin to realize that there is some

truth in all this I have heard concerning you.

Santeau (carelessly). Oh, you have heard something! It must have been flattering to me.

MADELINE. That is as you view it.

SANTEAU. Come, no moralizing! You have heard the news then? (Smokes.)

MADELINE. You refer to the incident at Mr. Harrington's house last night, I presume?

SANTEAU. To what else should I refer? Everybody in Washington is talking about it now.

MADELINE (scornfully). Indeed!

Santeau. What a gossiping race you Americans are! If one commits an indiscretion in this country the whole world is apprised of it the next day. We don't do things so in France—my sweet and sunny France! (Smokes.)

MADELINE (passionately). I would to God you had

stayed in your sweet and sunny France!

Santeau (smokes). For once you and I agree! I would to God I had!

MADELINE. Then we should never have met! (Paces about angrily.)

SANTEAU. Really? Do you regret the past? What an inconsistent woman you are! Ah, you are fast destroying

what little faith I have in your sex. (Smokes carelessly.)

MADELINE (goes to him at table). Come! tell me of
this affair at the ball. Don't you see I am in agony?

SANTEAU (after pause). Keep cool, Madeline. You

can't mend matters by falling into hysterics.

MADELINE. Oh, how you exasperate me!

SANTEAU. Really, Madeline, you should learn to curb your nasty temper! I hate excitable women; they ruffle one's serenity so!

MADELINE. Speak! Tell me all! I demand it!

Santeau. I was shamefully insulted by this meddling Nevada millionaire in the presence of all his guests. (Smokes.)

MADELINE. He called you a thief—Santeau (musingly). Yes, a thief—

MADELINE. And a card sharp—

SANTEAU (laughs). How well you have been informed! MADELINE (in agony). And—my God!—he called you also a— (Hesitates.)

SANTEAU. Why do you not say it? It would sound musical coming from your lips. Well, this scoundrelly money king called me a blackleg! (Smokes.)

MADELINE (fiercely). You must prove that he lied! SANTEAU (lighting another cigarette). The devil of it

is, I can't!

MADELINE. You cannot!

SANTEAU (smokes). It grieves me sorely to confess it, but this vulgar fellow spoke the truth.

MADELINE (staggers with a cry). No, no! Say it is false!

SANTEAU. What's the use? He knows me. We met in Paris a year or two ago. I was working a little financial game by which I hoped to win for myself a portion of his superfluous wealth.

MADELINE (in agony). Merciful heavens!

SANTEAU (smokes). He outwitted me, however, and slipped from my grasp like an eel.

MADELINE. You dare confess this to me!

Santeau. Confession is good for the soul, Madeline.

MADELINE (despairingly). Wretch!

Santeau (laughs). He has the proofs. In his hands I am as powerless as a child. Let us treat the situation with stoicism. There is no use in one butting one's head against a stone wall.

MADELINE (calmly). So, then! You are not only a

blackmailer, but an impostor as well.

Santeau (smokes—laughs). What remarkable penetration you have, my dear woman! Now, if you had the gift of second sight—

MADELINE (interrupts as she faces him at table). Then you are not Count de Santeau, but—but— (Hesitates.)

SANTEAU (rises and crosses to L. C.). Why beat the devil about the bush? No, I am not Count de Santeau! MADELINE (wildly). In God's name, then, who and

what are you?

Santeau (bowing). Plain Bertrand Durot, gentleman of leisure and of the road if need be, at your ladyship's service.

MADELINE (staggers as if fainting). Monster!

Santeau (laughs). How tragic you are! A veritable Rachel, a second Bernhardt! You should have been an actress, you simulate indignation so admirably.

MADELINE (grasping him fiercely). I could kill you! SANTEAU (throwing her onto the floor near sofa, L. C.). None of your tricks, you spitfire! (As he stands over her.) Nice way to treat me, isn't it? I was about to say farewell to you and you spring upon me like a tigress robbed of her cubs. Ah, you American women are incorrigible! Such Corsican tempers as you have! It is shameful! (Smokes.)

MADELINE (in agony at sofa). Would that I could die! Santeau. Bosh! Every child says the same thing when it is deprived of a toy! (Takes hold of her.) Come, get up! You wouldn't make a handsome picture in that position! (Assists her roughly to rise.)

MADELINE (goes to table and sits, L.). So ends my

dream! What am I now? A woman to be laughed at, the victim of a foolish whim! (Weeps.)

Santeau (goes to her laughingly). It is too bad, Madeline! But you will know better next time, no doubt.

MADELINE (face hidden in hands). Leave me! Leave me!

Santeau. In a moment, madam. Love sometimes gets thoughtless people into sad predicaments. I was attracted to you by your pretty face, you to my title—my title—ha, ha! But, thank God, Madeline, I know how to keep a secret and yours is safe with me.

MADELINE (sobbingly). Oh, oh!

Santeau. Before I leave you forever, let me give you a little bit of valuable advice. Don't trust the next man who comes to you with a high-sounding title.

MADELINE. Wretch!

Santeau. That's the trouble with you foolish American women. If you have a million or two, you begin fishing for titled husbands, and you go to any extreme to secure them, even though you wed men whose careers are as a foul stench in the nostrils of honest folk and whose names are a perpetual reproach. When it is too late you awake like Ixion to find that you are hugging fleeting clouds to your bosom. Now farewell! (Turns up stage, R.)

MADELINE (rises and catches him). You have no right to leave me! You shall not, you shall not!

MRS. SHAW (off stage, L. 2 E.). Madeline!

MADELINE (starts). You must not be seen here by Mr. Harrington. Quick! (Forces him to L. U. E.) Await me in the conservatory!

Santeau. And if I meet Mr. Harrington?

MADELINE. You must not! He is with the Senator in the drawing-room. Hasten! Promise me you will not leave the house till I see you again.

SANTEAU (at L. U. E.). I promise. (Aside.) When I get some of her jewels, I'll leave; and not before. (Exit L. U. E.)

MADELINE hastily arranges her hair and goes to table. Enter Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, L. 2 E.

Mrs. Shaw (as she goes to C.). I thought I heard a man's voice.

SHAW (going C.). So did I, Angelina.

Mrs. Shaw (to Madeline). Did you hear anything, Madeline?

MADELINE (confused). Why, no, auntie-

Mrs. Shaw. You have been weeping again, child. You are ill.

MADELINE (with forced gayety). No, auntie, I am quite well.

MRS. SHAW. There's something on your mind, Madeline. Come, confide in me. Am I not worthy of your confidence?

MADELINE (with effort). Indeed, you are in error. Why, I'm gay as a lark! Shall I play for you? (She goes to piano and strums the keys for a moment, then rises with sob and hides face on Mrs. Shaw's shoulder.)

MRS. SHAW (caresses her). Compose yourself, my child. Come with me to my room. I want to talk to you. No, I won't listen to a refusal! Come! (They exeunt, L 2 E.)

SHAW (after others are off). There is some mystery here which must be solved! I cannot account for these constant tears, these incessant headaches. Can it be that she loves Harrington, or is it a case of unrequited affection? Damn it! this is a harder puzzle to solve than a democratic tariff bill. (Exit L. 2 E.)

Enter FITZALLEN, L. 3 E. Stands and looks off.

FITZALLEN (solus, as he looks off). I knew he was fooling me about that picture.

Enter GRUYTER, R. U. E.

GRUYTER (aside, as he goes C.). I must see Mr. Harrington und tell him about dis woman mit de Santeau. (Sees FITZALLEN.) Hello! dere's de Colonel.

FITZALLEN (aside). He thought to fool me—me, an old soldier. That reminds me of the night before the battle of Shiloh—

GRUYTER (R. C.). Hello, Colonel!

FITZALLEN (comes down C.). Ah, is it you, my valiant Dutchman?

GRUYTER. Ain't you t'rough fightin' yet?

FITZALLEN (indignant). What do you mean, sir?

GRUYTER. Vat battle is you on now? You must be a regular war history now, don't it, Colonel?

FITZALLEN. If you dare insult me, sir, I'll pull your nose!

GRUYTER. No, sir! If you pull my nose, I vill pull your leg.

FITZALLEN. Do you threaten me?

GRUYTER. Oh, no! You remind me, Colonel, of de fellow I met de night before I had dat battle mit a big New Jersey musquito—

FITZALLEN (interrupts). A mosquito is about your size, von Gruyter.

GRUYTER. Oh, I don't know! De night before King Frederick de Great was spanked by his grandmodder—

FITZALLEN (interrupts). Are you chaffing me, sir?

GRUYTER. Herr Gott, no! You see, Colonel, my fader, like you, vas a soldier.

FITZALLEN. Indeed! To what army did he belong? GRUYTER. Salwation Army.

FITZALLEN. Swords and bayonets! I'll call you out for this! (Fumes about.)

GRUYTER. Herr Gott, no! We will not fall out, Colonel! I'm your friend, sure. Let's have somedings to drink.

FITZALLEN. Bless my soul! That reminds me—I'm dry. Come, follow me! (Goes to R. U. E.)

GRUYTER (follows FITZALLEN). Sure, Colonel. Forward, march!

FITZALLEN (takes Von Gruyter's arm). There is some excellent port in the dining-room. Speaking of port,

reminds me of the night before the battle of Antietam—(Exit FITZALLEN and GRUYTER, R. U. E.)

Enter HARRINGTON, L. U. E. Enter SHAW L. 2 E.

HARRINGTON (to SHAW). Senator, I saw Miss Sylvester just now; she was weeping. What is wrong with her? (Goes to C.)

Shaw (L. C.). My dear fellow, she's a woman, and women are mysteries to me.

HARRINGTON (musingly). I think I know.

SHAW. Eh! Do you think so?

HARRINGTON. Look at me, Senator, am I very ugly? Shaw. Bless me, sir! I'm a poor judge of beauty.

HARRINGTON. You have always found me to be an honest man?

SHAW (offers hand). There's my hand in proof of that! (They shake hands.)

HARRINGTON. I have wealth, I enjoy the respect of all who know me, I am a man of honor, and yet—a woman has rejected my hand in marriage.

SHAW. What woman was so foolish as to reject you? HARRINGTON. Your niece.

SHAW. Surely you don't mean Madeline?

HARRINGTON (sighs). Yes.

SHAW, I don't understand it! She has not been herself lately. Your words corroborate the suspicion I have entertained that she is mad!

HARRINGTON. Nonsense, Senator! A whim, that's all. Shaw. What did she say in reply to your proposal? HARRINGTON. That she would answer me to-morrow.

Shaw. That confirms my suspicion! What sane woman would put off a man worth ten millions till to-morrow?

HARRINGTON (after pause). I see it now! She loves another!

Shaw. By Jove. I never thought of that! But whom?

HARRINGTON (sighs). That may develop later. As

for me, I will respect her wishes and speak to her of love no more.

SHAW (slaps him on back). Don't give up so easily, Harrington. Remember, faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

HARRINGTON (at C.). Women are strange creatures! I knew one in Nevada once. She was a little jewel in many respects, but one day she began to read dime novels, and that sort of mental dissipation turned her head. She always said that it was ordained of heaven that she must marry a lord.

SHAW (sighs). I've known a few like her in my time. HARRINGTON. Well, her father struck it rich one day and cleaned up a million or two. My! how the fur did fly! Then she went to London, and what do you think she did?

SHAW. Something foolish, I imagine.

HARRINGTON. Worse than that. She married a Lord Somebody with a dozen handles to his name and debts of years' standing staring him in the face. He was a scoundrel at heart, and when he had spent all she had, he deserted her.

SHAW. That might have been expected.

HARRINGTON. When I was in London last I found her living in poverty in Piccadilly with two sweet little children, the biggest being about knee high to a duck. Ah, it's enough to break one's heart when one sees the villainy that is practised among civilized men!

SHAW. I presume she was glad to see you.

HARRINGTON. Poor girl! how could she help it? I talked with her ten minutes and I am happy to say she is back in the old home, and I will see to it that she and her little innocent children will not starve.

Shaw. Done like the honest man you are! If all millionaires were like you, there would be little discontent among the masses to-day.

MRS. SHAW (off stage, L. 2 E.). Mortimer!

SHAW. Pardon me, Mrs. Shaw calls, and when she does the Senator must go. (Goes to L. 2 E. Aside.) By George! he shall have her. I swear it! (Exit, L. 2 E.)

HARRINGTON (goes to window and looks off). Does she love another? If not that, what? I love her with all my soul. (Stands by window.)

Enter Lucille, L. 2 E., and turns down lamp. All lights down.

LUCILLE (as she looks about). This is getting to be a house of mystery! If things don't improve soon, I'll ask for my discharge! (Exit, L. 2 E.)

Enter Santeau, L. U. E., stealthily. He carries a jewel case which he examines as he comes down C.

Santeau (aside as he opens box). This must be the necklace she once mentioned to me. (Takes out necklace.) Ah, yes, it is here! Worth at least ten thousand francs. (Admires jewels.)

HARRINGTON (coming down C.—sees SANTEAU). What's this, a burglar? (Goes to SANTEAU.) Great heavens! It is Durot! (Puts hand on shoulder.) Durot, what are you doing here?

Santeau (aside). Harrington, by all the fiends! (To HARRINGTON as he secretes jewels.) I don't know that my movements concern you.

HARRINGTON. None of your heroics with me! Come, what are you doing in this house?

Santeau. Let me pass!

HARRINGTON. Ah, I see! You've been robbing some-body! Come, give up your spoils or I'll throttle you like the dog you are!

Santeau (draws knife). Out of my path, or I'll kill vou.

HARRINGTON. So that's your game. Well, I know a trick worth two of yours. Come on! (He closes in upon SANTEAU and they struggle.)

Enter Madeline, L. U. E. She stands in curtains as if fearing to be seen. Harrington forces Santeau to his knees and takes knife from him.

HARRINGTON. So you would have killed me, eh?

Santeau. I might have been tempted to do so. I owe you much.

HARRINGTON. Why should I not even up scores by cutting your dastardly throat? (Threatens him.)

SANTEAU. Because you would not kill an unarmed man.

(Lights cigarette.)

HARRINGTON. You would not have hesitated to kill me and I was unarmed. Say your prayers, for your time has come! (Threatens him with knife.)

MADELINE (springs between them). Stop! HARRINGTON (surprised). Miss Sylvester!

MADELINE. What means this quarrel?

HARRINGTON. Simply, that this man is a thief, who, having robbed your house, was about to escape when I intercepted him.

MADELINE (to SANTEAU). Do you hear what he says?

Why do you not answer him?

SANTEAU. What's the use? It would do no good. (Aside.) I must get out of this. (Turns to R. U. E.)

HARRINGTON (to MADELINE). Why do you look at this man like that? Do you know him?

MADELINE (wildly). Do I know him? My God!

HARRINGTON. What is he to you?

MADELINE (tearfully). My husband!

HARRINGTON (staggers back). Your husband!

SANTEAU (aside at R. U. E.). Ha, ha! How he must enjoy that! (Exit R. U. E.)

Enter Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, L. 2 E. Enter Fitzallen and Gruyter, L. U. E., Alice and Lester, R. U. E.

MRS. SHAW (goes C. to HARRINGTON). What does this mean, Mr. Harrington?

HARRINGTON (at C., watching MADELINE, who stands R. U. E., looking off). There was a burglar here just now, and he frightened Miss Sylvester. That's all.

All. A burglar!

HARRINGTON (going to MADELINE, up stage C.). Did you speak the truth just now?

MADELINE. I swear it!

HARRINGTON (at C.). Then hear me, heaven! By the sacred memory of my mother, by all I hold dear in this world, I swear he shall right the wrong he has done you!

MADELINE (clings to him). Say no more, I beg! HARRINGTON. May my arm be palsied, my tongue speechless, my life become a barren waste if I do not—

MADELINE (despairingly). What would you say? HARRINGTON. Bring him to justice! (He stands C. with upraised arm, with MADELINE clinging to him. SHAW and MRS. SHAW L. C., GRUYTER and FITZALLEN R. C., ALICE and LESTER C. up stage, till)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene.—Apartment of Marie Wentworth in 3 G., boxed. Neat furniture. Practical doors R. and L. 2 E. Venetian window L. C. in F., swinging outward. Trees and shrubbery seen through glass in 4. Small table R. C, with two chairs. Candelabrum, with one candle burning on table. Upholstered easy chair L. C. Ladies' writing desk R. of window. Small hand mirror on table. Parlor lamp on stand near L. 2 E. Scene well lighted at rise. See Scene Plot for stage setting.

Enter Von Gruyter and Johnston, R. 2 E., at rise.

GRUYTER (as he comes C. in advance of JOHNSTON)
A bad bisness, Mr. Johnston. A very bad bisness!

JOHNSTON (goes to window and looks off, then returns C.). I thought I saw someone hiding in the shrubbery as we came up the path. Can it be the house is already under surveillance?

GRUYTER. Under vat, you say?
JOHNSTON. Surveillance! You idiot!
GRUYTER. Sir who? I don't know him.

JOHNSTON. That doesn't surprise me. You don't know much of anything.

GRUYTER. Vell, I know enough ven it is raining to

get in oud of de vet.

JOHNSTON (looks about nervously). I must see this

woman. Where can she be?

GRUYTER. You find her for me, und I vill look at her like she vas a prize package. Vy do you vant to see her so quick?

JOHNSTON. She has a document or two of mine, that's

all.

GRUYTER. Herr Gott! Only some documents! Ish dat all?

JOHNSTON. It's enough, heaven knows! I am completely at the mercy of this woman.

GRUYTER. You ain't in de hole vat I am in, Mr.

Johnston.

JOHNSTON. Why, man, it's a hanging matter with me. GRUYTER. Herr Gott! Mine is worser den dat.

JOHNSTON. In heaven's name, what trouble are vou in?

GRUYTER (sighs). I promised to marry her!

Johnston (laughs). That's more serious than I

thought.

GRUYTER. Grosser Himmel, yes! I vonder if she let me off, now? You see, I can't marry no vomans vitout some reputations.

JOHNSTON. But she has a reputation, Von Gruyter. If you don't believe it, look at the newspapers since the exposure of Santeau at Harrington's house.

GRUYTER. Herr Gott! It don't give no one no reputa-

tion to be roasted in de newspapers!

JOHNSTON. My dear fellow, the newspapers of this country make roasting an art, so that he upon whom they heap abuse becomes a martyr worthy the admiration as well as sympathy of his fellows.

GRUYTER. Oh, I know all about dat. I vas an editor

once myself.

JOHNSTON. Indeed! Of what journal?

GRUYTER. De German War Cry.

JOHNSTON (laughs). It must have kept you busy, eh? GRUYTER. Yah, I didn't do not'in' all day except roast de devil, und de subscribers didn't like it, so dey fired me out.

JOHNSTON. Now, if Miss Wentworth insists upon your marrying her, what will you do?

GRUYTER (crosses R. C.). Kill myself dead! I'll go up in a balloon und fall out! I'll buy a mule und let him kick me to death!

JOHNSTON (at L. C.). You are in a serious fix, Von

Gruyter! If the emperor should hear of this-

GRUYTER. If he does, I'll shwallow a barrel full of arsenic!

Enter Marie in house gown of light material, L. 2 E. Johnston and Gruyter turn to her and bow as she comes C.

MARIE. Good evening, gentlemen. To what am I indebted for the pleasure your visit affords me?

JOHNSTON. I desire the return of the documents I placed in your possession a few days ago, madam.

MARIE (laughs). We will discuss that later, Mr. Johnston. (Turns to GRUYTER.) And you, Herr Von Gruyter?

GRUYTER. I vant you to let me off mit dat fool prom-

ise I made to marry mit you.

MARIE. We will discuss that also. Come, be seated, gentlemen! (Goes to table and sits at end, facing the audience. Johnston sits R. and Gruyter L. of table.)

JOHNSTON. In view of the disclosures made by Mr. Harrington, you must recognize the justice of my request that you and I separate forever.

MARIE. Then you believe this slander?

JOHNSTON. In the absence of proof to the contrary—MARIE (interrupts). You talk about proofs—you! If I tell you that this man spoke falsely, is not that sufficient to convince you?

JOHNSTON. I have neither time nor inclination to

argue that point, madam. My position in Washington demands a cessation of business relations with you.

GRUYTER. Dat's vat de matter is, sure pop!

MARIE. Cowards! I despise you both!

GRUYTER (rises—joyfully). Ish dot so! Den you von't ask me to marry you, madam?

MARIE. Marry you! Fear not, Herr Von Gruyter, I will never be fool enough to marry a donkey like you!

GRUYTER. It makes me glad. You vas a goot vomans, after all. (Aside.) Herr Gott! Dat vas a narrow squeak! If Katrina should hear of dis! It vouldn't be no picnic, neider! (Walks up stage.)

JOHNSTON (in low voice). Come, I demand the return

of those plans!

MARIE (insinuatingly). Ah, you refer to the plans of the fortifications at Alcatraz, Charleston, New York—

JOHNSTON (interrupts). Stop! There is no need to enumerate them.

MARIE. Are you afraid, Mr. Johnston? Ah, yes, pardon me! It is very dangerous to mention them, for we are conspirators—traitors!

JOHNSTON (alarmed). Not so loud!

Marie. Harsh terms, eh? They may yet hang us both.

GRUYTER (up stage near writing desk—aside). I vish I could get dose papers for Mr. Harrington. I vonder vere dey vas? (Looks about.)

JOHNSTON (to MARIE). Let us understand each other. You wish me to buy your silence?

MARIE. Suppose you are right?

JOHNSTON. Well, what are your terms?

MARIE. I like you very well when you talk like zis. What do you zink would be right?

Johnston (after pause). Say, \$1,000.

MARIE (laughs). How liberal!

JOHNSTON. Come, we are wasting valuable time!

MARIE. And they say time is money! Ah, it is too bad to waste both time and money, isn't it, Mr. Johnston?

JOHNSTON (impatiently). Let's to business! What are your terms?

MARIE (after pause). Twenty thousand dollars!

JOHNSTON (springs up). Twenty thousand! You're insane!

MARIE. No compliments, Mr. Johnston.

Johnston (irritated). Bah!

MARIE (laughs). How divinely you imitate a goat! Now, let me draw a picture for you, Mr. Johnston. Suppose I were to turn these plans over to the Secret Service agents. What would happen then?

JOHNSTON. Your terms?

Marie. Patience, Mr. Johnston, patience! The Secretary of War, who does not like you any too well, I understand, would make the shocking discovery that there was a citizen of the United States base enough to sell the secrets of his country for a titled husband for his daughter, whom none of her own countrymen will espouse.

JOHNSTON (angry). Stop!

MARIE. No, I will not stop! In return for these plans I agreed to secure a titled husband—some Spanish grandee—for your daughter. I have the plans, and I will provide the husband as agreed.

JOHNSTON. I repudiate the bargain. Return the docu-

ments to me and I will pay you what you ask.

MARIE (rises). You are reasonable again! When shall I have the money?

JOHNSTON (at C.). Within an hour. And the documents?

MARIE (at L. C.). Shall be ready when the money is forthcoming.

JOHNSTON. That is satisfactory. (Goes to R. 2 E.) I shall return soon. See to it the documents are at hand.

MARIE (goes to JOHNSTON). Let the money be in bills, Mr. Johnston. No checks, mind.

JOHNSTON (aside, with angry look at her). I'd like to choke her! (Exits R. 2 E. hastily.)

GRUYTER (calls off R. 2 E.). Wait a minute, Mr.

Johnston! (To Marie.) We are friends yet, Miss Wentworth?

MARIE. That is for you to say, Herr Von Gruyter. GRUYTER. You von't say nodings about our engagement, vill you?

MARIE (laughs). I'll be silent as the tomb.

GRUYTER. You see, my fader in Berlin, he vants me to marry a princess. Dat's vy I can't marry you.

MARIE. Am I not as good as a princess?

GRUYTER (kissing her hand). You are my huckleberry queen. Good-bye if I don't see you first. (Goes to R. 2 E.—calls.) Mr. Johnston! Don't run away, Mr. Johnston! (Exits R. 2 E. hastily.)

Marie (at C.). The time to act has come! To-morrow I will leave this hateful place. With this money I am to receive I may yet succeed in living down my terrible past. With Bertrand by my side, come what may, I will defy the world! And yet, how I fear him! (Pauses in troubled thought.) Last night I had a fearful dream! I thought he—he strangled me! No, no! he dare not do that! He loves me, and men do not kill the women they love! (Noise heard at window—she turns with start.) What was that? (MADELINE appears outside at window L. C. in F., and knocks.)

MADELINE (knocking). Open! Open!

MARIE (going to window). Who are you and what do you want?

MARIE (opens window). Then enter.

Enter MADELINE L. C. in F.

MADELINE. Thank you from my heart! (Comes down C.)

MARIE (follows her C.). Who are you? MADELINE. A woman seeking justice! MARIE (starts). Miss Sylvester! MADELINE. Ah, you have not forgotten me! MARIE. Why are you here, Miss Sylvester? MADELINE. I seek Bertrand de Santeau.

MARIE (surprised). De Santeau! Did you expect to find him here, in my house?

MADELINE. They told me he was an intimate friend

of yours—that you were his accomplice—

MARIE (interrupts). Silence! If you have come to

insult me, begone!

MADELINE (tearfully). No, no! Why should I insult you? I am a poor, unhappy, wronged woman, and if I say what my better judgment would disapprove of I beg you to forgive me.

Marie. Who has wronged you, poor woman?

MADELINE. Bertrand de Santeau.

MARIE (starts). De Santeau! In God's name, how? MADELINE. He crept like a serpent into my path, he won my love, and now I am lost—lost! (Weeps.)

MARIE (eagerly). What is he to you?

MADELINE. My husband!

MARIE (takes her arm angrily). You are mad! MADELINE (sits in easy chair, L. C.). It is the truth, I

swear it!

MARIE. When did this—this marriage take place?

MADELINE. Six months ago.

MARIE. Where?

MADELINE. At a village near Richmond; I do not recall its name. It was a secret marriage—my God! A secret marriage!

MARIE. Who performed the ceremony?

MADELINE. A minister recently from France, for he spoke English imperfectly.

MARIE. Were there any witnesses?

MADELINE (meditatively). Yes, one—

MARIE. His name—his name!

MADELINE. Victor Lavaile.

MARIE (aside). Victor Lavalle! Bertrand's friend! Ah, I see it all now! Bertrand entrapped her into this so-called marriage, for the minister was one of his agents.

MADELINE. He must acknowledge me before all the world!

MARIE. Are you sure of what you say, Miss Sylvester?

MADELINE. Alas, yes! Now remorse 'is eating my heart out—sorrow is driving me mad!

MARIE. Do you expect De Santeau to relieve your distress?

MADELINE (rises). He shall do me justice! He has wronged me and he shall right my wrong! Where is he? I must find him!

MARIE (at R. C.). And be laughed at for your pains! MADELINE (at L. C.). He dare not! He dare not! Let him beware how he treats the woman he has bitterly deceived! If he spurns me, I shall strike—strike! (Crosses to R. C.)

MARIE. Who knows of this marriage?

MADELINE. Only Mr. Harrington and yourself.

MARIE (starts). Merciful heaven! Did you tell him—him of all men?

MADELINE. Why should I not? He is the best friend I have on earth. He loves me, while I—I— (weeps). Ah, why cannot I die!

MARIE (aside as she watches her). I must learn all so that I may confront him with the evidences of his villainy! (To MADELINE.) Come, poor woman, you are ill. Let me assist you.

MADELINE (tearfully). My heart is breaking!

MARIE (embraces her). I pity you from my heart! Come, rest a while in my chamber. (Takes her toward L. 2 E.)

MADELINE. You will assist me?

MARIE. I will do all in my power to aid you.

MADELINE (as she goes to L. 2 E.). Thank you.

MARIE. He shall do you justice, poor child! (Exeunt both, L. 2 E.)

Manning appears at window when Marie and Madeline are off. He opens window and looks about for moment, then enters. He carries a revolver as he comes down C. looking about.

Manning (down stage C.). Nothing here to try this bloomin' popgun on! Not even a cat. I don't smell no

skunks about here! I'd like to see that French cuss agin! Darn me, but I'd like to blow his gizzards into cat-meat! The boss says he's a hard pill, and my game is pills like him! Coast's clear, so I guess I'd better give the signal. (Goes to window and whistles softly, at the same time beckoning off R.) Come on, boss. The diggin's are clear.

Enter HARRINGTON and FITZALLEN through window. They come C., MANNING following them. He scouts around, while HARRINGTON and FITZALLEN stand C. down stage.

HARRINGTON (to others in low voice). So then, we are in the camp of the enemy!

FITZALLEN. So we are. Speaking about camps of the enemy reminds me of the night before the battle of Piney Ridge--

HARRINGTON (interrupts). My dear fellow, it must have been an exciting time just before that battle! These

nights before battles usually are.

FITZALLEN. Why, sir, they were thrilling! Talk about the Cuban campaign and the Philippine war! Swords and bayonets! They were mere skirmishes, sir, skirmishes!

HARRINGTON. Strange! I never thought of that beforė.

FITZALLEN (excitedly). Why, sir, we lost more men at Gettysburg than we did in the whole of the Cuban war!

HARRINGTON. We have much to be thankful for, however. Colonel.

FITZALLEN. In what way, sir, in what way?

HARRINGTON. You were spared to a grateful nation, Colonel.

FITZALLEN (confused). Ahem! As I was saying, Mr. Harrington, when we are at war let us fight as we did in '64, and not play as we did with Spain in '98!

HARRINGTON. What a bloodthirsty veteran you are,

Colonel! As full of fight as an egg is of meat!

FITZALLEN. Talking of eggs and meat reminds me of the night before the battle of ChickamaugaMANNING (running against FITZALLEN from rear and presenting pistol at head). Surrender!

FITZALLEN (falls on knees). Don't shoot! Don't shoot! MANNING (whistles). Durn me for a greasy Digger

injun, if it ain't Colonel Fitzallen!

FITZALLEN (surprised). Is that you, Manning? (Rises ongrily.) What do you mean, sir, by threatening me with a revolver?

Manning. This ain't no revolver, it's only a popgun. FITZALLEN (pompously). Swords and bayonets! I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!

HARRINGTON (comes C.). Not to-night, Colonel, I have

use for Jack. (Calls.) Here, Jack!

MANNING (goes to him C.). I'm at your service, boss. HARRINGTON. You say Santeau was heading this way?

MANNING. You bet, boss! I saw him not ten minutes ago on a beeline for these yere diggin's, or I'm an injun!

HARRINGTON. Excellent! (Points to L. 2 E.) Watch that door, Jack, and see that I am not disturbed.

Manning. If any critter shows up, I'll fill him full of holes!

HARRINGTON. Not till I give the word, you fire-eater! MANNING. All right, boss: (Goes to L. 2 E. and watches.)

HARRINGTON (to FITZALLEN). Colonel, you mount

guard at the window.

FITZALLEN. Certainly, sir! The night before the battle of Lookout Mountain—

Manning (at L. 2 E.). Hist! boss!

HARRINGTON. What's the matter, Manning?

Manning. There be a couple of lydies in the next room. What'll I do if they try to git in hyar?

HARRINGTON. Warn me if they try to enter.

FITZALLEN. Hold the fort at any odds, Jack! (Goes to window and watches.)

HARRINGTON (aside as he goes to writing desk R. of window). Now for a little amateur burglary! Ha! here's a writing case! Just the place where Santeau's papers are to be found if they exist. (Tries to open desk.)

It's locked, of course! What would they say in Congress if Clarence Harrington were discovered pilfering a desk in the house of Marie Wentworth, alias Bouchard? Well, it's for her dear sake! (Takes jimmie from pocket and pries desk open.) I must find proofs of that marriage, if, indeed, it ever took place in legal form, which I doubt. (Opens drawers of desk and takes out papers and documents.) What's this? (Goes to table and holds papers to the light.) Plans of harbor defenses and fortifications! Whew! What on earth can Durot want with these? By Jove! I have it! He is a foreign spy! Perhaps he has confederates in Washington. (Puts papers in pocket.) I'll take care of these. They may come in handy some day. (Goes to desk and continues rummaging.) No, there is nothing here to throw light upon this alleged marriage.

MANNING (at L. 2 E.). That woman's coming this

way.

HARRINGTON. It must be Marie. (To Manning and Fitz.) Out with both of you. Await me in the summer house.

Manning (goes to window). All right, boss.

FITZALLEN (at window—to MANNING). I'll join you, Manning. (As they go through window.) The night before the battle of Gettysburg— (Exeunt FITZALLEN and MANNING through window.)

Enter MARIE, L. 2 E.

MARIE (aside as she goes C. looking about). What was that noise I heard? Was it voices?

HARRINGTON (stepping out from embrasure of window). Perhaps, madam.

MARIE (starts). Mr. Harrington! You here?

HARRINGTON (bows). I presume you are glad to see me?

MARIE (impatiently). What do you want? HARRINGTON. Merely a word with you.

MARIE (sits at table). Then say it speedily.

HARRINGTON. That's right to the point! Ah, you're a jewel, madam.

MARIE. I trust, sir, it is not your intention to make an avowal of love?

HARRINGTON. Not to-night, madam. I came very near to doing that once, but I'm never caught twice at the same game.

MARIE (coldly). I repeat, what do you want of me? HARRINGTON (goes to table). Evidence, madam, evidence against Durot.

MARIE (starts). What do you mean?

HARRINGTON. Simply that I must have this man completely in my power. You are the instrument by which I will gain my end.

MARIE. You have already ruined both him and myself.

What more can you ask?

HARRINGTON. You have ruined yourselves! However, that's neither here nor there! You shall do what I ask of you.

MARIE (laughs). Indeed! Dare you threaten me?

HARRINGTON. Perhaps. (Whispers.) I knew Durot was a scoundrel and that you were no angel, but I did not know until to-night that you both were spies!

MARIE (shrinks from him). Spies!

HARRINGTON. A plain English term, madam, synonymous with hanging—spies!

Marie (rises, utters cry and runs to writing case). Ah, I see it all now! You have stolen my papers! (She rummages wildly in desk.) They are gone! (Runs to Harrington hercely.) You thief! Give them back to me!

HARRINGTON (thrusts her from him). True, I did steal them, but I am now willing to buy them. Name your price.

MARIE. The papers belong to Santeau! I dare not sell them!

HARRINGTON. You must risk it, madam. Come, shall I make it, say—\$10,000?

Marie (in anguish). No, no! He would kill me-kill me!

HARRINGTON (laughs). I guess not, when you tell him you are under my protection.

MARIE. No, you do not know him as well as I do.

HARRINGTON. I'm truly grateful I don't! Why, in God's name, do you cling to this man so?

MARIE. Because he is my husband!

HARRINGTON (starts). Great Cæsar!

Marie (impatiently). You would not have me betray my husband?

HARRINGTON. Madam, my doctrine, when dealing with criminals, is eye for eye, tooth for tooth! There is a woman's happiness concerned in this I am going to ask you to do, a woman who is dearer to me than all else in this world. Durot has blighted her life and he shall suffer, be the consequences what they may!

MARIE. What do you ask?

HARRINGTON. I want you to write a trifling note for me.

MARIE. Does it concern Santeau?

HARRINGTON. Yes.

MARIE. Then I refuse!

Harrington (sighs, then takes documents from pocket). I know it's foolish to argue with a stubborn woman, but—but with these plans I will be compelled to pay a visit to the chief of the Secret Service—

MARIE (interrupts). No, no!

HARRINGTON (resuming, smilingly). That is, if you persist in refusing to obey me, madam.

MARIE (in terror). I will do anything if you consent to

return the plans!

HARRINGTON. Very well, write what I shall dictate. MARIE (sits at table). I am ready. (Takes up pen.) HARRINGTON (stands by her side). "I hereby certify upon oath"— (Pauses.)

Marie (writes). "I hereby certify upon oath"— HARRINGTON. "That Count Bertrand de Santeau is none other than Bertrand Durot, known to the Parisian

police as thief, ex-convict"—

MARIE (throws down pen excitedly). No, no! I dare not write this! Were he to hear of my perfidy he would strangle me!

HARRINGTON. We'll take the risk, madam. Write!

MARIE (after pause). Yes, I will write! He deserves

all this and more. (She writes excitedly.)

HARRINGTON (looks over her shoulder). Have you all that written? Ah, yes! "Thief, ex-convict"—let me see! and spy!

MARIE (writes). "And spy"-

HARRINGTON. "In the pay of Spain."

MARIE (urites). "In the pay of Spain."

HARRINGTON (resumes). "To all of this, when called upon, I will testify as truth before God and man"—

MARIE (tearfully). This is terrible!

HARRINGTON. That's what every crook says when he is cornered! Write!

MARIE (writes). "To all of this, when called upon, I will testify as truth before God and man"—

HARRINGTON. "Written by my own hand, his wife, Marie Durot, nee Bouchard, alias Wentworth."

MARIE (emotion). Not that! I beg of you, not that! HARRINGTON (sternly, as he points to document on table). Sign!

Enter Madeline, L. 2 E. She starts on seeing others at table and stands in doorway watching.

MADELINE (aside). Mr. Harrington here! What does it mean?

MARIE (tearfully to HARRINGTON). I dare not sign my own death warrant!

HARRINGTON. It is your death or hers, madam. Sign! MADELINE (aside). Does he mean to harm her? Oh, what is this mystery? (She looks at them a moment, then exits, L. 2 E.)

Enter Manning through window, C. He comes down C. Manning (to Harrington). You're needed outside, boss.

HARRINGTON. What's the matter, Jack?

Manning. That man Johnston came into the grounds just now, and when I cornered him and told him you wus inside, he fell down in a fit. Guess it's a case of heart disease.

HARRINGTON. Another case of heart disease! Look to him, Jack, and I will rejoin you presently. (Goes with him to window.)

MANNING. All right, boss. (Goes to window and exits.)

HARRINGTON (to MARIE). Have you signed?

MARIE (tearfully). Yes.

HARRINGTON (takes paper and puts it in his pocket). You are most kind, madam. For the present I must leave you, but I will return in less than five minutes. (Exit through window, C.)

MARIE (alone). What have I done! Betrayed my husband! (Starts.) The plans! (Runs up stage wildly.)

The plans! The plans!

SANTEAU (off stage, R. 3 E.). Marie!

MARIE (at window—starts). Bertrand here! What will he say or do? Ah, how I fear him, to-night more than ever! (Looks out of window.) Will Harrington return with the plans? Yes, he is a man of honor, and his word is his bond. (Goes to table and sits, L.) It may all be for the best! Let Bertrand beware how he scorns me, his wife!

Enter Santeau, R. 2 E., smoking cigarette and wearing light suit, and overcoat on arm. He places overcoat on chair and turns down toward table, L.

Santeau (gruffly). Marie!

MARIE. Bertrand! (Turns from him.)

Santeau. Moping again, eh? Why cannot you cultivate a jovial, devil-may-care disposition, and learn to laugh at misfortune?

MARIE (sighs). That is impossible, Bertrand.

Santeau (smokes coolly). Nothing is impossible with me, Marie. You ought to know that by this time. Well, to change the subject abruptly, I'm off for France.

MARIE (gayly). Off for France! When, Bertrand? SANTEAU. To-night. (Looks at watch.) We leave by the 11:30 train for New York.

MARIE (rises). You say we!

Santeau (mockingly). I said we, certainly! You must go with me.

MARIE. Why, this is too sudden—it is impossible!

Santeau (laughs as he smokes). There's that foolish word impossible again. Why, I would not think of leaving you behind. You know too much for my safety.

MARIE. Indeed!

Santeau (at C.). Besides, the Secret Service agents have got wind of our little transactions in fortification plans, and the dogs are now on our track. There is no time to be lost if we would escape these hell-hounds.

MARIE (facing him at C.). Before we discuss our flight further, tell me, Bertrand, why have you deceived me so grossly?

SANTEAU (lights another cigarette). Dreaming again, eh? How did I deceive you?

MARIE. Ask your own heart. Tell me, am I not your wife?

Santeau (as he smokes). Ha, ha, ha! Have I ever questioned the legality of the ceremony that made us one?

MARIE (slowly). Then why did you marry another? SANTEAU (after pause, during which he smokes and watches her). Marie, you are mad!

MARIE. No, Bertrand! Ah, is it thus you repay the years of devotion I have shown you? Have I not nursed you in sickness, protected you from your enemies, aided and counseled you in the hour of danger and trial? Then why, in God's name, did you entice a woman into a mock marriage with you?

Santeau (after pause). What woman?

MARIE. Miss Sylvester.

Santeau. How the devil did you learn of this? Has Lavalle—

MARIE (interrupts). She told me so herself.

Santeau. It was a whim, a foolish thing I regret. Marie. Ah, you confess it then! And in the face of this you ask me to fly with you to France!

Soft music.

Santeau (after pause). Well, perhaps it is better that all should be over between us. (Goes up stage.)

MARIE (goes L.). What do you mean?

SANTEAU (at writing desk). Let me have my papers and I will say farewell forever! (Rummages about desk.) The papers! Where are they? Why do you not answer me?

MARIE (shows fear). The papers!

Santeau (at desk). A thousand devils! The documents are gone!

MARIE (aside). What will become of me? Why does

not Mr. Harrington return?

Santeau. Every one of the plans gone! Enough evidence to hang me a thousand times! (Comes down to Marie.) Who has rifled this desk, Marie? Why the devil don't you speak?

MARIE (in fcar). Don't look at me like that, Bertrand! SANTEAU (shakes her). The plans! What have you done with them? Ah, I see it all now! You have sold them!

MARIE (wildly). No, no! They were stolen!

Santeau (lights cigarette at candelabrum on table). Stolen! Ha, ha! Do you think to deceive me? Female Judas! Traitress! You are in league with this intriguing millionaire from Nevada to destroy me.

MARIE (in anguish). No, no!

SANTEAU (after pause). You have sold me for a few paltry dollars!

MARIE (tearfully). It is not true!

Santeau (picks up blotter from table, looks at it and starts). What's this? A blotter covered with fresh writing! (Takes up hand mirror and reads blotter held before it.) "I hereby certify upon oath that Count Bertrand de Santeau is none other than Bertrand Durot, known to

the Parisian police as a thief, ex-convict and spy. To 'all of this, when called upon, I will testify as truth before God and man. Written by my own hand, his wife, Marie Durot, nee Bouchard, alias Wentworth." (Continues to look at the blotter with growing rage.)

MARIE (at R. C.—despairingly). He knows all!

Heaven protect me now!

SANTEAU (goes to her). So here's the proof of your damnable iniquity! (Strikes her face with blotter.) You have sold me like a pig in the market place!

MARIE (clings to him wildly). No, no! Do not harm

me, Bertrand!

Santeau (takes her by throat). You will never betray me again, you wretch! (He forces her to table and blows out candle. House becomes dark and noise of struggle is heard. He then places Marie, C., on floor and lights candle on table. Stage is dimly illuminated. Santeau takes candelabrum and looks at Marie, touching her hand with his foot. He lights a cigarette and walks about with candle in his hand, as if fearing detection. He then returns, C., and looks at Marie.) You should have known me better, my girl! You ought to have known that I allow no one to trifle with me. (After pause.) Why do you look at me like that? Stop it, I say! (Takes the cloth off table and hastily covers her face. Then he lights cigarette again and walks up stage, turning to look at body.) A pleasant journey to you, Marie! Farewell. (He exits hastily, R. 2 E.)

Enter Harrington through window, C. Comes down C., sees Marie on floor, takes cloth from her face.

HARRINGTON (starts). Miss Wentworth! Dead! How did this happen? (Goes to window and calls.) Help, Jack! Come in, Colonel!

Enter Fitzallen and Manning through window, followed a moment later by Senator Shaw and Mrs. Shaw. Then enter Madeline, L. 2 E. All show surprise.

FITZALLEN (at L. C.). What has happened, Mr. Harrington?

HARRINGTON (stands R. of body). Murder!

ALL. Murder! (SHAW and MRS. SHAW stand R. C., well up stage. MANNING stands in front of window. MADELINE at door, L. 2 E., FITZALLEN stands L. C.)

Enter Santeau, R. 2 E. He stands moment as if undecided and then goes boldly R. C.

FITZALLEN (looks at body). Is she dead?

MADELINE (comes down C. and kneels by MARIE and examines her). She is dead!

FITZALLEN. Aye, strangled, but by whom?

SANTEAU (points to HARRINGTON). Ask that man!

HARRINGTON (starts back). My God!

MADELINE (at C., looking at SANTEAU). No! I will stake my life upon his innocence!

(HARRINGTON drops on knees before her and kisses her hand. MADELINE stands over him, gazing defiantly at SANTEAU, who laughs sardonically, R. C. Picture.)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Scene.—Same as Act I. Time, afternoon, a month later. At rise enter Alice and Lester, C. D. in F.

LESTER (to ALICE, as they come C.). I've good news for you, Alice.

ALICE. Indeed! Have you won a fortune in the lot-

tery?

Lester (sighs). No, my luck doesn't run that way. I won three dollars once and when I wanted to cash my ticket I found it was counterfeit.

ALICE. Has the president nominated you to be a brigadier general?

LESTER (sighs). No, my pull isn't strong enough.

ALICE. Has Mr. Johnston, who died the other day, left you a burial plat?

Lester. Nope. I wish he had.

ALICE. What, then, in heaven's name, is this good news?

LESTER (solemnly). I'm going to China!

ALICE (surprised). China!

LESTER. Yes, I'm going to kill Boxers! It's a bully job!

ALICE (pouts). And you're going to leave me here all

Lester (whistles). Jeewhiz! I never thought of that! This won't do! I'll fix that all right. (Goes up stage.)

ALICE (crosses R.). Where are you going, Jimmie?

LESTER. To the War Department.

ALICE (going toward him). What for?

LESTER (pausing near C. D. in F.). To resign.

ALICE (up stage, C.). Come right here, sir!

LESTER (going to her). What's up now?

ALICE. I forbid you to resign!

LESTER. Well, I can't make out you women.

ALICE. Would you give up your career for a girl like me?

LESTER (puts arm about her). I'd do anything for you, Alice.

ALICE (nestling closer to him). Would you, really?

LESTER. I swear it on my heart! (Puts hand on stomach, then on heart.)

ALICE. Very well, then, go to China.

LESTER. Eh, but what about you?

ALICE. That's all right. I'll go, too.

LESTER. Why, you're crazy!

ALICE (shyly). We'll get married and go together!

LESTER (after pause). By the great horn spoon! I never thought of that! Alice, if there were more women like you in this country we'd whip the world and Germany thrown in! (Hugs her.)

ALICE. They'd know we were in the fight, Jimmie.

LESTER. Is it a bargain, Alice?

Enter FITZALLEN and GRUYTER, C. D. in F. They see others and watch them curiously.

Alice. It's a bargain.

LESTER. Then let us seal it thus. (Kisses her.)

FITZALLEN (hides face). You little rascals! Billing and cooing like turtle doves!

GRUYTER (looking at statue near R. 2 E.). Kiss her

again, Jimmie! I vasn't lookin'.

LESTER (confused). It wasn't my fault, Colonel.

FITZALLEN (comes down C.). Oh, of course not. That's just what General Grant said to me the night before the battle of Shiloh—

GRUYTER (comes to Colonel). Dat vas a fine night, Colonel.

FITZALLEN (indignont). What do you know of it, Von Gruyter?

GRUYTER. Vy, I vas dere, too!

FITZALLEN. What the devil were you doing there, sir? GRUYTER. Schleeping like a policeman, Colonel. Vasn't you?

FITZALLEN (in a rage). Sleeping, sir, sleeping! I never sleep! Why, sir, I heard a fellow talk like that the night before the battle of Bunker Hill—

ALICE (interrupts). Why, Colonel, that battle was fought more than a hundred years ago! Were you there, too?

FITZALLEN (confused). No, but my great uncle was! GRUYTER. Say, Colonel, vere vas you when Eye knocked down the biggest persimmon in de garden of Eden?

FITZALLEN (angry). Swords and bayonets! Don't jest with me, sir!

LESTER (at L. C.). It's a downright shame, Colonel.

FITZALLEN. The next person that dares to interrupt me does so at his peril!

LESTER. Well, Colonel, you may tell Alice and me all about those battles of yours. Mayn't he, Alice?

ALICE. Yes, and the first one who interrupts shall answer to me!

FITZALLEN. Now you are sensible. (Crosses to Lester and shakes hand.) James Lester, you will yet be an honor to American arms.

LESTER. Thank you kindly, Colonel.

FITZALLEN (to Alice). And you, Miss Saintsbury, will become the mother of a race of soldiers to be proud of.

ALICE (confused). You don't mean it, Colonel!

LESTER (aside). I wonder how she likes that! (To FITZALLEN.) Come along, Colonel. (Takes right arm of FITZALLEN.)

ALICE (taking left arm of FITZALLEN). Come along, Colonel!

FITZALLEN (as they go up stage). All this reminds me of the night before the battle of Lookout Mountain—(Exeunt FITZALLEN, ALICE and LESTER, C. D. in F.)

Enter Harrington and Manning, L. 2 E. They come C.

HARRINGTON (to GRUYTER). Ah, Herr Von Gruyter! The very man I wished to see!

GRUYTER (yawns). Yah, Mr. Harrington.

HARRINGTON. When do you leave for Germany? GRUYTER. To-morrow.

HARRINGTON. Going to be married, I hear.

GRUYTER (sighs). Yah!

HARRINGTON. Some princess or other, eh?

GRUYTER. Yah, only a common, ordinary little German princess.

HARRINGTON. What's her name?

GRUYTER. Katrina Fredericka Schlagenhalz Popodildorium Blitzendorf von Grallenskoph!

HARRINGTON. Whew!

MANNING (at L. C.). By thunder! If anybody with a name like that dared to show up in Nevada he'd be lynched!

HARRINGTON (laughs). You will have to give us that name in sections. Von Gruyter. It is too much to master in a single evening.

GRUYTER. Some day I vill take a week off und tell you vat dat name vas.

HARRINGTON. That's very kind of you. By the way,

did you deliver that message this morning?

GRUYTER. Yah. She said she vould come gladly. HARRINGTON. Excellent! When will she be here? GRUYTER. In half an hour.

HARRINGTON. That's good.

GRUYTER (looks at watch). Excuse me now, Mr. Harrington. De president yust sent for me by special messenger to come and get my wedding present. See you sooner. (Exit C. D. in F.)

HARRINGTON (to MANNING). Jack!

MANNING (goes to him, C.). I'm at your elbow, boss.

HARRINGTON. Did you see that party?

Manning. You bet I did, boss!

HARRINGTON. What did he say?

MANNING. He war suspicious at first, but he caved in arter awhile.

HARRINGTON. Then he will come?

Manning. In fifteen minutes, boss.

HARRINGTON. Good! Tell Boxton to admit him by the private entrance. I do not want him to be seen till my little scheme has been worked.

Manning. All right, boss. (Goes to L. 2 E.) I wonder what he wants with that skunk? If I had my way, I'd fill him so full of holes his hide wouldn't be worth totin' to a dump! (Exit. L. 2 E.)

HARRINGTON (walks up stage and looks off C. D., then comes down C.). I'll soon be finished with this business and then away for dear old Nevada. Ah, how I hate Washington with its falsity and hypocrisy! Oh, for the hearty handshakes of the honest men of the Comstock!

Enter LESTER, C. D. in F., excitedly.

LESTER (goes to HARRINGTON). Well, if that wouldn't jar you!

HARRINGTON. What's the matter, Jimmie?

LESTER. Well, you see, I've been commissioned to go to China on special service.

HARRINGTON (slaps his back). Good for you, Jimmie!

Going to kill Chinamen?

LESTER. I'll have a hack at them, sir, if they don't run away before I get there.

HARRINGTON. Why should that excite you?

LESTER. Excite me! I'm as cool as a cucumber! It's Alice who is making all the trouble.

HARRINGTON. Why, how's that? LESTER. Well, she's going with me.

HARRINGTON. Bless my soul! Does she want to wear shoulder straps, too?

LESTER. Oh, it's worse than that! (Whispers.) She wants to wear trousers!

HARRINGTON (shocked). Wear trousers!

LESTER. She says she will wear breeches, even though all the powers issue a manifesto against it.

HARRINGTON. This may bring about foreign complica-

tions! Where is she?

LESTER. In the conservatory listening to the Colonel's battle stories. He's at his sixty-sixth battle now and she is hungering for more blood and gore.

HARRINGTON. Come, Jimmie, we'll have a serious talk with this warlike young lady. (Takes LESTER'S arm and

leads him to C. D.)

LESTER (as he goes up stage). Wear trousers! Not if Jimmie Lester knows himself! (Exeunt LESTER and HARRINGTON, C. D. in F.)

Enter Madeline and Mrs. Shaw, L. 2 E. They go C.

MRS. SHAW (to MADELINE, C.). Come, Madeline, don't be afraid. There's nothing here to hurt you.

MADELINE (comes C. shyly). Why have you brought me here, auntie?

Mrs. Shaw. Mr. Harrington desired to see you before he went away.

MADELINE (starts). What! Is he going to leave Washington?

MRS. SHAW. Yes, he told the Senator he intended to resign his seat in Congress and return to Nevada.

MADELINE. Why should he do that?

MRS. SHAW. Poor fellow! He's dreadfully tired of Washington. And I don't wonder at it. What with loving you—

MADELINE (interrupts reproachfully). Auntie!

MRS. SHAW. And his troubles with the Count de Santeau, he has had a serious time of it, to be sure.

Enter Harrington, C. D. He starts on seeing others and watches.

MADELINE. You say he loves me, Auntie. Has he ever told you this?

MRS. SHAW. He didn't need to tell me, Madeline. When a man's in love his actions speak louder than words.

MADELINE (sadly). Ah, he may have loved me once, but since he learned of my disgrace—(weeps).

MRS. SHAW (embraces her). He loves you more than ever, my dear. If he didn't he wouldn't be half the man I take him for.

MADELINE. How happy your words make me, auntie! Mrs. Shaw. And when you are Mrs. Harrington you'll be happier still.

MADELINE (confused). You do not know what you

/ are saying!

HARRINGTON (comes down C.). I hope she does, Miss Sylvester.

MADELINE (confused). Mr. Harrington! You heard what was said?

HARRINGTON. I couldn't help it, Miss Sylvester.

MADELINE (crosses L. C.—aside). What will he think of me?

Mrs. Shaw (aside to Harrington). Talk to her! She loves you!

HARRINGTON. You're not joking with me, Mrs. Shaw? Mrs. Shaw. Of course not! Strike while the iron is hot! I'm going to hunt up the Senator. He had no trouble in arriving at an understanding with me, sir!

(Exit C. D. in F.)

HARRINGTON (turns L. to MADELINE). Pardon me, Miss Sylvester. Before leaving you, perhaps forever, I wanted—wanted—(hesitates).

MADELINE (sits on sofa). Yes, you wanted—

HARRINGTON. To speak to you about that marriage.

MADELINE (sadly). Ah, yes, my marriage.

HARRINGTON. Well, you see, it wasn't a marriage at all, for Santeau already had a wife.

MADELINE, (dreamily). He had a wife!

HARRINGTON. Of course, you were not to blame, Madeline. You were simply the dupe of a designing scoundrel. How many women have suffered as you did!

MADELINE (sadly). How much I suffered God alone knows!

HARRINGTON (stands over her at sofa). These things happen every day, and will continue to happen so long as there are trusting, confiding women and black-hearted, treacherous rascals like Santeau in the world.

MADELINE. Then you do not condemn me utterly?

HARRINGTON. Condemn you? Why, it's against nature to convict you of wrong.

MADELINE. Oh, but the shame of it!

HARRINGTON. Don't let that worry you. I alone know your secret and it is locked up in my heart.

MADELINE. You preserved it for my sake?

HARRINGTON. For your sake.

MADELINE. You are not ashamed of me?

HARRINGTON. Why, I love you more than ever, and God knows you never needed a strong arm more than now.

MADELINE. I am happy to say that the evil design of this man was frustrated. He refused to acknowledge me as his wife, and we separated at the marriage altar. I declined to be his wife, in truth, until our marriage was proclaimed to all the world. Failing in his plan to dishonor me, he sought to rob me of my jewelry.

HARRINGTON. He is a choice rascal!

MADELINE. His supposed title fascinated me. Ah, how foolish some of us American girls can be at times!

HARRINGTON. Say, rather, weak, Madeline. Weakness

in a woman is no crime.

MADELINE (rising). You are more than generous, Clarence.

HARRINGTON (aside). She called me Clarence! (Struts about.)

ALICE and LESTER dispute off stage C. D., then enter hastily. As they come down Harrington and Made-LINE separate in confusion, both standing L. C.

ALICE (as they come down C.). I'll wear what I please, sir!

LESTER. I don't care what you wear so long as you draw the line on trousers.

ALICE. You don't say so?

LESTER. Only one person is privileged to wear trousers in the Lester family, and it's your truly.

ALICE. I won't let you lord it over me, Jimmie Lester!

Lester. No woman will boss me!

ALICE (contempt). She wouldn't have much to boss in you!

LESTER. I'm big enough to hold my own!

ALICE. You've nothing to brag about in saying that, either.

LESTER. Of course not, after I've got you!

ALICE (tearfully). I won't marry you! I'll go to a nunnery!

LESTER. Heaven help the nuns!

ALICE (cries). I won't speak to you again as long as I live!

LESTER. If you swear to that I'll marry you to-morrow! HARRINGTON (steps between them). Stop that gabble! If you don't I'll send you both to the Philippines, where neither of you will have to wear more than a palm leaf or two.

Lester. That's a cool proposition.

ALICE. Palm leaves don't suit my complexion. (Sees

MADELINE.) Why, there's Madeline! (Comes to her L. C.) Come with me to the conservatory, Madeline. I wish to show you some mountain flowers which have just arrived from Nevada.

MADELINE. It will afford me great pleasure to accompany you, Alice. (She takes ALICE's arm and they exit R. U. E.)

LESTER (to HARRINGTON). It's all settled, I suppose?

HARRINGTON. Settled! What do you mean?

LESTER. You know—Miss Sylvester. When will the cards be issued?

HARRINGTON (threatens him). You rascal! You should have enough to attend to your own love affairs!

LESTER (at R. C.). You bet your life I have when Alice is around! (Crosses to R.)

Enter Manning, L. 2 E.—comes C. to Harrington.

MANNING (aside to HARRINGTON). The gent you sent for has arrived.

HARRINGTON (at C.). Show him in, Jack.

MANNING (bows). All right, boss. (He exits L. 2 E., appearing almost immediately and pausing at door—then)

Enter Santeau, L. 2 E. He is shabbily dressed and appears to be afraid.

SANTEAU (to HARRINGTON). Have I your permission to smoke, sir?

HARRINGTON. Since there are no ladies about, yes.

Santeau (producing cigarette). Thank you sir. (Lights cigarette.)

LESTER (aside). That French crook! What's up, I wonder?

SANTEAU (as he smokes). You sent for me, I believe, sir?

HARRINGTON. I had that honor, Durot.

Santeau. What is it you want of me?

HARRINGTON. That you leave this country and never show your ugly face in it again!

Santeau (smokes—pauses). And in consideration of my doing so? (Pause.)

HARRINGTON. You shall have the papers I promised

you.

Santeau (smokes). You are exceedingly kind.

HARRINGTON. Documents which, were I to turn them over to the Secret Service, would hang you as high as ever Haman was strung.

Santeau (alarmed). Don't speak of hanging! We

are not alone!

LESTER. Don't mind me, Santeau! I'm deaf as a door-

post.

HARRINGTON (produces papers). Here are the papers. You will find them all intact. (Gives papers to SANTEAU.)

SANTEAU (takes them and examines them). Thanks! All here! I am safe at last!

HARRINGTON. You may go, Durot.

Santeau. Before I leave this accursed country, tell me what became of the body of the—the— (hesitates).

HARRINGTON. The woman you murdered?

Enter Marie, L. 2 E. She wears a black gown and veil. Enter also Manning, L. 2 E. Marie takes her stand behind Santeau, who is well down C. Manning stands R: C. and watches Santeau, with his hand in pocket ready to draw revolver.

Santeau (fiercely). It is a lie! I didn't murder her! Were she alive and by my side she would declare me innocent!

HARRINGTON. Then let her speak.

MARIE (lifts veil). Bertrand!

Santeau (starts excitedly). Marie! Merciful God!

MARIE. I owe my life to Mr. Harrington. But for him I might have died and you been my assassin!

SANTEAU. You have betrayed me!

Marie. No, I have come to save you. Let us return to France together.

SANTEAU. And have this money king laugh at his easy victory over me! I see it all now! You are both in league against me! I will have my revenge! (He draws knife and dashes at MARIE. MANNING steps forward with gun pointing in SANTEAU'S face.)

MANNING (to SANTEAU). Drap that knife, you skunk! SANTEAU (looking into muzzle of pistol and drops

knife). Bah!

MANNING. Shall I plug him, boss?

HARRINGTON. No, it might spoil the carpet, and the scoundrel isn't worth the loss of it. (Goes to L. 2 E. and beckons.)

Enter Policeman, L. 2 E.

HARRINGTON (to POLICEMAN). Arrest that man! (Points to Santeau.) Let the law take its course! (Officer puts hand on Santeau's shoulder. Manning still presents pistol. Santeau rolls a cigarette and coolly lights it. Then snaps fingers and exits in advance of officer, L. 2 E.)

MANNING (at L. 2 E.—aside). A pill from this gun would have been a durned sight better! (Exit L. 2 E.)

HARRINGTON (to MARIE). You see, madam, your husband is irreclaimable. Once a rascal, always a rascal!

MARIE. He deserves no mercy! I will try to forget him. As for you, sir, my prayers will be yours till my dving day.

HARRINGTON. Go, live in peace and comfort! (He leads her to L. 2 E.)

MARIE. God bless you, sir! (Exit L. 2 E.)

HARRINGTON (as he looks after her). Poor woman!

Enter Gruyter, C. D. in F., flourishing telegram.

GRUYTER (excitedly). It's all off!

HARRINGTON (going C.). What's off, Von Gruyter?

GRUYTER. I have just got a wireless-cable-phone from my fader in Berlin which says my princess has eloped mit a Russian farmer, und dey have gone to de Nord Pole on dere honeymoon.

HARRINGTON. Too bad! What are you going to do now?

GRUYTER. Join de police force! If not dat, I'll open a saloon!

Enter Shaw, Mrs. Shaw and Madeline, C. D. in F. Shaw has open newspaper in his hand.

SHAW (as he comes C.). The Journal states you have reconsidered your determination to resign, and that you are to remain in Congress. Is this report true, Mr. Harrington?

HARRINGTON (turns to MADELINE). That is for Miss Sylvester to say.

MADELINE (after pause). It is true, Mr. Harrington will remain in Washington.

SHAW (looks at MADELINE, then at HARRINGTON). Let me congratulate you both.

HARRINGTON (aside to MADELINE). Then you accept me, Madeline?

MADELINE (shyly). With all my heart!

Enter FITZALLEN, C. D. in F., excitedly.

FITZALLEN (as he comes down C. flourishing 20cument). Hooray!

HARRINGTON. What's up now, Colonel?

FITZALLEN. Here's a copy of Johnston's will. No wonder he died of heart disease!

Shaw. What is there about it to excite you, Colonel? FITZALLEN. He leaves \$100,000 to found a soldier's home and another \$100,000 for monuments to soldiers killed in the Cuban and Philippine wars! Hooray!

Mrs. Shaw. And he always said he would never leave a dollar of his money for such purposes.

FITZALLEN. So he did! But you never can tell what these moneyed men will do. That reminds me of the night before the battle of Island Number Ten—

Enter ALICE, C. D. in F., excitedly.

ALICE (interrupts as she comes down C.). Jimmie! Jimmie!

LESTER (meeting her). What's the matter, Alice?

ALICE. I've changed my mind about going to China. I'm not going.

LESTER. Then you won't wear—

ALICE. Trousers? No. (She stands with LESTER R. C.)

Shots heard off stage L. All start. Enter, L. 2 E., MAN-NING with pistol in his hand.

HARRINGTON (to MANNING). Who fired those shots, sir?

Manning (humbly). Me, boss.

HARRINGTON. What do you mean by firing a pistol in my house and frightening the ladies to death?

MANNING. Well, you see, boss, the skunk as was arrested just now made a break to git away— (pauses).

HARRINGTON. Well, Jack?

MANNING. So I jest popped him over and evened up scores.

HARRINGTON. Is he dead?

MANNING (puts up pistol). Deader'n a rat, boss.

ALL (astonished). Dead!

HARRINGTON (to MADELINE). You and I are avenged, Madeline. (HARRINGTON takes MADELINE'S hand and they stand C. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw stand L. C., with Fitz-allen and Manning further up stage. Lester and Alice stand R. C. near table, while Gruyter stands R. of table. Picture.)

CURTAIN.

All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. Scenes: Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. Characters: Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthead, who falls in love doncherknow. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party.

Jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo."
The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a free in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. Scenes: Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. Characters: Simeon Meeker, who told one lie. Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth, Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

163 Randolph Street, CHICAGO

The Heiress of Hoetown

By HARRY L. NEWTON AND JOHN PIERRE ROACH. Price. 25 Cents

A rural comedy, 3 acts; 8 m., 4 f. Time, 2 h. Scenes: 2 exteriors. Characters: Jimmie Blake, a physical culturist. Jack Wright, a civil engineer. Ezra Stonyboy, the postmaster. Count Picard, waiting at the church. Corporal Cannon, a veteran. White Blackstone, dealer in titles. Congressman Drybottle, a power in politics. Doolittle Much, constable and proprietor of the village hack. Mary Darling, an heiress. Jane Stonyboy, with ideas. Tillie Tung, the village pest.

SYNOPSIS.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles.

Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his health. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The slege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

Mirandy's Minstrels

By SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS. Price, 25 Cents

A Female Minstrel entertainment. A complete ladies' minstrel show, full of novel ideas for costumes, finalé, etc. Contains new fokes, gags, cross-fires, monologues and stump speeches. Ending with a most laughable farce, "Mrs. Black's Pink Tea," for 10 female characters, which is a gem of humor. Those that have "put on" female minstrels and know the difficulty of obtaining suitable material, will be delighted with this book. It is highly humorous, yet refined enough for any audience.

The Third Degree

By MAYME RIDDLE BITNEY.

Price, 25 Cents

A female burlesque initiation; 12 f. and any number of members. Time, about 40 m. Scene: Any lodge room. Characters: Head Officer, Instructors, Assistants, Marshal, Doorkeepers, etc. It is unique, as it can be used as an initiation for any society or lodge or as an entertainment. Brim full of fun and action, yet not too boisterous. Will please all women.

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Javville Junction

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Entertainment; 14 m., 17 f. Time, 1 h. 30 m. Scene: Interior of any railroad depot, which is easily set. Can be played with less number of people when desired. The following are a few of the many funny characters: Charley Grab, the ticket seller. Will Bawl, the train caller. Smash A. Trunk. Rastus. Samp L. Case, the drummer. Gus Hamburg. Happy Happen, the tramp. Doorlock Bones, the detective. Tommy, the boy with a wish. Willie Rawraw and six college girls. Reuben Hay and wife. The bride and groom. The girls with a giggle. The good-bye girls. Carrie Bunn, the lunch counter girl. Tillie Tung, the village gossip. The actress and others. This style of entertainment is very popular, as it affords abundant opportunity for specialties; is easy to set and easy to put on. It will prove a "money maker" for any club or society. "'Jayville Junction' was a great success. We could not have found a better play."—Cora E. Pierce, Frankfort, Kan.

Brother Josiah

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. Scenes: Easy to set. Garden adjoining Wellington Armstrong's New York City residence. Drawing-room of same. Characters: Wellington Armstrong, a wealthy broker. His wife, who thinks only of society. Gladys, their daughter. Brother Josiah, a "rube," but with a true heart. Jemimy, his wife. Benjamin, their son, fresh from the farm and willing to learn "city ways." Le Blanc, a rich broker with a bad record. Edith, his daughter. Penstroke, Armstrong's confidential man. Newcomb, a young author. James, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The fashionable "lawn-party." Business troubles anticipated. The foriorn lover rebuffed. The arrival of "Brother Josiah." General consternation. Benjamin Butler Armstrong and his "pet." Josiah "dresses up" the statuary, dances a "breakdown" with Jemimy, and breaks up the "lawn-party."

Act II.—The family council. Josiah looking for the "pantry."
Le Blanc makes a strange request of Edith. Josiah an unwilling witness. The plot to "fleece" Josiah. The broker's fallure. Josiah gets his breakfast. The "favor" denied. The "lie" discovered. "Good-bye, forever."

Act III.—Edith tries to initiate Benjamin into the ways of "our set." Impending ruin. Josiah to the rescue. Le Blanc attempts to coerce Gladys. Foiled by Josiah. Le Blanc and his "terms." Brotherly love. The canceled notes. The "turn of the tide." The victory of "Brother Josiah."

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For Love and Honor 20 min 2	1
For Love and Honor, 20 min 2 Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min	1 5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery,	,
30 min	10
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Great Doughnut Corporation,	5
30 min 3 Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m. 6	3
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Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min 4 Happy Pair, 25 min 1 I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min. 3 Initiating a Granger, 25 min. 8	3
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I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min. 3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min. 8	_
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min. 3 Is the Editor In? 20 min. 4 Kansas Immigrants, 20 min. 5 Men Not Wanted, 30 min. 5	3
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Kansas Immigrants, 20 min 5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min	8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m. 1	3
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m. 1 Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m. 7	8 3 9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m. 4 Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30	
min	2
min. 3 My Lord in Livery, 1 hr. 4 My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min. 3 My Turn Next, 45 min. 4 My Wife's Relations, 1 hr. 4 Next Mexic the Livery 40 m	233365332
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Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	š
Not a Man in the House, 40 m. Obstinate Family, 40 min	2
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Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min. 3	.,
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min 1	7
Fair of Lunatics, 20 min 1 Patsy O'Wang, 35 min 4	1 3 2
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Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min 6 Persecuted Datchman, 30 min 5	3
	3
Regular Fix, 35 min 6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min	3223
Second Childhood, 15 min2	3
Slasher and Crasher, 50 min 5 Taking Father's Place, 30 min 5	2
Taking Father's Place, 30 min. 5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min 3 That Rascal Pat, 30 min 3 Those Red Envelopes, 25 min. 4	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min 3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min. 4	4
loo Much of a Good Thing 45	
min	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min. 4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min 3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m	4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min 3 Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m. 2	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m. 2	
Two Chosts in White, 20 min	8
Two of a Kind, 40 min 2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min., 3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m. 4	3 2 4
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min 3 Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m. 4 Wanted a Hero, 20 min 1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min, 2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min 3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min. 5	2
Which Will He Marry? 20 min. 2 Who Is Who? 40 min 3 Wide Enough for Two, 45 min. 5 Wrong Baby. 25 min 7 Yankee Peddler. 1 hr 7	1 8 2 2 8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr., 7	3

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ODOGCES, EIMIOI IAN I DAI	٠.
M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min 2	3
Dog ton Club of Disabuilly 25 m 10	۰
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.10 Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m 1	
Breaktast Food for I wo, 20 m 1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min . 1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.14	-
Coontown Infreen Club, 25 m. 14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min 1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min 2 Dutch Cocktail, 20 min 2	1
Dutch Cocktail 20 min	
Pine Minutes from Vall College	
Five Minutes from Yell College,	
15 min	
For Reform, 20 min 4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min 2 Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min 1	1
Cit I was the Citation of min.	î
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min 1	
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min 2	
Her Hero, 20 min	1
Hev. Rube! 15 min 1	
Trans Dum 15 min 1	1
Home Run, 15 min 1	
Hot Air, 25 min 2	1
Tumbo Tum. 30 min 4	3
Hey, Rube! 15 min	
Table 12 min 2	2
Love and Lather, 35 min 3	ت
Marriage and After, 10 min 1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min 4	2
Mistaken Miss. 20 min 1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido. 20 min 1	
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Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min 4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min. 4	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 mm 4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min	
Oyster Stew, 10 min	
min	
Pickles for Two, 15 min 2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min. 2	2
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Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m. 6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min 2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min 4	2
C' 1 T 15 !	ī
Si and I, 15 min	
Special Sale, 15 mm	
Stave Struck Darky, 10 min 2	1
Sunny Son of Italy 15 min. 1	
Time Table '0 min 1	1
Time Table, 20 min	
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min. 1	1
Trouble I by Ghosts, 10 min 4	
Trouble 1 by Ghosts, 10 min 4 Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min 1 Two Jay Detectives, 15 min 3	
The Tan Districtions 15 min 2	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min 3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min 2 Uncle Bili at the Vaudeville, 15	
Uncle Bili at the Vaudeville, 15	
min	
Uncle Jeff. 25 min 5	-
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min., 5	:
min	
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